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Poetry.

AN AUGUST PASTORAL.

Dead is the air and still! The leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky—on a tideless expansion of slumber.
Faintly afar in the depths of the duskily withering grasses
Katydids chirp, and I hear the monotonous rattle of crickets.

* * * * * *

Over the tasselled corn and fields of the twice-blossomed clover,
Dimly the hills recede in the reek of the colorless noses.
Dull and motionless, now, the burnished green of the woodlands;
Leaves of blackberry briers and bronzed and besprinkled with copper;
Weeds in the unmown meadows are blossoming purple and yellow,
Roughly entwined, a wreath for the tan and wrinkles of summer.
Where shall I turn? What path attracts the indifferent footsteps,
Eager no more as in June, nor lifted with wings as in May time?
Whitherward look for a goal, when buds have exhausted their promise,
Harvests are reaped, and grapes and berries are waiting for autumn?
Wander my feet, as you list! I am careless to-day to direct you;
Take here the path by the pines, the russet carpet of needles,
Stretching from wood to wood, and hidden from sight by the orchard!
Here, in the sedge of the slope, the century, pink as a sea-shell,
Open her stars all at once, and with finer than tropical spices
Sweeten the barren aridity—career of fields that are sterile.
Now from the height of the grove, between the irregular tree-trunks,
Over the fading fields and the meadowy curves of the valley,
Glimmer the peaceful farms, the mossy roofs of the houses,
Gables gray of the neighboring barns, and ghosts of the highway
Climbing the ridges beyond to dip in the dream of a forest.

* * * * * *

Here are the fields again! The soldierly maize in tassel
Stands on review and carries the scabbarded ears in its armpits.
Rustling I part the ranks,—the close engulfing battalions
Shaking their plumes overhead,—and, wholly bewildered and heated,
Gain the top of the ridge, where stands, colossal, the pin oak.

* * * * * *

Lo! in the vapors, the sun, colossal and crimson and beamless,
Touches the woodland; fingers of air prepare for the dewfall.

* * * * * *

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Our Story Teller.

ANNA.

A STORY OF SWITZERLAND.

Three thousand feet up the side of a Swiss mountain a lateral valley strikes off in the direction of the heights that border the course of the Rhine on its way from Coire to Sargans. The closely cropped, velvet-smooth turf, the abundant woods, sometimes of pine trees and sometimes of beech and chestnut, give a smiling, park-like aspect to the broad green track, and suggest ideas of peace and plenty.

As the path gradually ascends on its way to Fadara the wealth of flowers increases and adds to the beauty of the scene.

A few brown cow stables are dotted about the flower-sprinkled meadows; a brook runs dingonally across the path, and some fire-laid planks show that inhabitants are not far off; but there is not a living creature in sight. The grasshoppers keep up their perpetual chirrup, and if one looks among the flowers one can see the gleam of their scarlet wings as they jump; for the rest, the flowers and the birds have it all to themselves, and they sing their hymn and offer their incense in undisturbed solitude.

When one has crossed the brook and climbed an upward slope into the meadow beyond it, one enters a thick fir wood full of fragrant shadow; at the end is a bank green and high, crowned by a hedge, and all once the quiet of the place has fled.

Such a variety of sounds come down the green bank! A cock is crowing loudly, and there is the bleat of a young calf; pigs are squeaking one against another, and in the midst of the din a dog begins to bark. At the farther corner, where the hedge retreats from its encroachments on the meadow, a gray house comes into view, with a signboard across the upper part announcing that here the tired traveler may get dinner and a bed.

Before the cock has done crowing—and really he goes on so long that it is a wonder he is not hoarse—another voice mingles with the rest.

It is a woman's voice, and, although neither hoarse no shrill, it is no more musical than the crow of the other biped, who struts about on his widely-spread toes in the yard, to which Christina Fasch has come to feed the pigs. There are five of them, pink nosed and yellow coated, and they keep a grunting and snarling chorus within their wooden enclosure, each struggling to oust a neighbor from his place near the trough while they all greedily await their food.

"Come, Anna, come," says the hard voice; "what a slow coach you are! I would do a thing three times over while you are thinking about it!"

The farmyard was bordered by the tall hedge, and lay between it and the inn. The cow house, on one side, was separated from the pig styes by a big stack of yellow logs, and the farther corner of the inn was flanked by another stack of split wood, fronted by a pile of brushwood; above was a wooden balcony that ran also along the house front and was sheltered by the far projecting eaves of the shingled roof.

Only the upper part of the inn was built of logs, the rest was brick and plaster. The house looked neatly kept, the yard was less full of the stray wood and litter that is so usual in a Swiss farmyard, but there was a dull, severe air about the place. There was not a flower or a plant, either in the balcony or on the broad wooden shelves below the windows—not so much as a carnation or a marigold in the vegetable plot behind the house.

A shed stood in the corner of this plot, and at the sound of Christina's call a girl came out of the shed. She was young and tall and strong-looking, but she did not beautify the scene.

To begin with, she stooped; her rough, tangled hair covered her forehead and partly hid her eyes; her skin was red and tanned with exposure, and her rather wide lips dropped at the corners with an expression of misery that was almost grotesque. She carried a pail in each hand.

"Do be quick!" Christina spoke impatiently as she saw her niece appear beyond the wood stack.

Anna started at the harsh voice as if a lash had fallen on her back; the pigs' food splashed over her gown and filled her heavy leather shoes.

"I had better have done it myself, "cried her aunt. "See, unhappy child, you have wasted food and time also! Now, you must go and clean your shoes and stockings; your gown and apron are only fit for the washtub! Ah!"

She gave a deep sigh as she took up first one pail and then the other and emptied the wash into the pig trough without spilling a drop by the way. Anna stood watching her admiringly.

"Well," Christina turned round on her, "I ask myself what is the use of you, child? You are 15, and so far it seems to me that you are here only to make work for others! When do you mean to do things as other people do them? I ask myself, what would become of you if your father were a poor man, and you had to earn your living?"

Anna had stooped yet more forward; she seemed to crouch as if she wanted to get out of sight. Christina suddenly stopped and looked at her for an answer.

Anna fingered her splashed apron; she tried to speak, but a lump rose in her throat, and she could not see for the hot tears that would, against her will, rush to her eyes.

"I shall never do anything well," she said at last, and the misery in her voice touched her aunt. "I used not to believe you, aunt, but now I see that you are right. I can never be needful to any one." Then she went on bitterly: "It would have been better if father had taken me up to the lake on Seesaplana when I was a baby and drowned me there as he drowned the puppies in the washtub."

Christina looked shocked; there was a frown on her heavy face which was usually as expressionless as if it had been carved in wood.

"Fie!" she said. "Think of Gretchen's mother, old Barbara—she does not complain of the goitre; though she has to bear it under her chin, she tries to keep it out of sight. I wish you would do the same with your clumsiness. There, go and change your clothes; go, you unlucky child, go!"

PART II.

You are perhaps wondering how it comes to pass that an inn can exist placed alone in the midst of green pasture land, and only approached by a simple foot track, which more than once leads the wayfarer across mere plank bridges and which passes only at long intervals small groups of cottages that call themselves villages. You naturally wonder now the guests at this lonely inn fare with regard to provisions. It is true that milk is sent down every day from the cows on the green Alps higher up the mountain, and that the farm boasts of plenty of ducks and fowls, of eggs and honey. There are a few sheep and goats, too; we have seen that there are pigs. Fraulein Christina Fasch makes good bread, and she is famous for her delicate puddings and sauces. The puzzle is, whence comes the groceries, and the extras, and the wines that are consumed in the inn.

A mile or so beyond, on a lower spur of the mountain ridge that overlooks the Rhine, a gap comes in the hedge that screens an almost precipitous descent into the broad, flat valley. The descent looks more precipitous than it is, for constant use has worn the slender track into a series of rough steps, which lead to the vine-clad knoll on which is situated Malans, and at Malans George Fasch, the landlord of our inn, can purchase all he needs, for it is near a station on the railway line between Zurich and Coire and close to the busy town of Mayenfeld in the valley below.

Just now there are no visitors at the inn, so the landlord only makes his toilsome journey once a fortnight; but when there is a family in the house he visits the valley more frequently, for he cannot bring very large stores with him, although he does not spare himself fatigue, and he mounts the natural ladder with surprising rapidity, considering the load he carries strapped to his shoulders.

The great joy of Anna was to meet her father at the top of the pass and persuade him to lighten his burden by giving her some of it to carry; and to-day, when she had washed her face and hands, and had changed her clothes, she wished that she had gone to Malans; his coming back would have helped her to forget her disaster. Her aunt's words clung to the girl like burs; and now, as they rang in her ears again, she went into the woods to have quer cry out unobserved.

She stood leaning against a tree; and, as the tears rolled over her face she turned and hid it against it against the rough red bark of the pine. She was crying for the loss of the dear, gentle mother who had always helped her. Her mother had so screened her awkwardness from public notice that Anna had scarcely been aware of it. Her aunt Christina had said, when she was summoned four years ago to manage her brother's household: "Your wife has ruined Anna, brother. I shall have hard work to improve her."

Anna was not crying now about her aunt's constant fault-finding; there was something in her grief more bitter even than the tears she shed for her mother; it seemed to the girl that day by day she was becoming more and more clumsy and stupid; she broke the crockery, and even the furniture; she spoiled her frocks; and, worst of all, she had more than once met her father's kind blue eyes fixed on her with a look of sadness that went to her heart. Did he, too, think that she would never be useful to herself or to any one?

At this thought her tears came more freely, and she pressed her hot face against the tree.

"I wonder why I was made?" she sobbed. There came a sharp cracking sound, as the twigs and pine needles snapped under a heavy tread.

Anna caught up her white apron and vigorously rubbed her eyes; then she hurried out to the path from her shelter among the trees.

In another minute her arms were around her father, and she was kissing him on both cheeks.

George Fasch kissed her and patted her shoulder; then a suppressed sob caught his ear. He held Anna away from him and looked at her face.

It was red and green in streaks, and her eyes were red and inflamed. The father was startled by her appearance.

"What is the matter, dear child?" he said. "You are ill."

Then his eyes fell on her apron. Its crumpled state, and the red and green smears on it, showed the use to which it had been put, and he began to guess what had happened.

Anna hung her head.

"I was crying, and I leaned against a tree. Oh, dear, it was a clean apron! Aunt will be vexed."

Her father sighed, but he pitied her confusion.

"Why did you cry, my child?" he said, half tenderly, half in rebuke. "Aunt Christina means well, though she speaks abruptly."

He only provoked fresh tears, but Anna tried so hard to keep them back that she was soon calm again.

"I am not vexed with Aunt Christina for scolding me," she said; "I deserved it; I am sorry for myself."

"Well, well," he said, cheerfully, "we cannot expect old heads on young shoulders." His honest, sunburned face was slightly troubled as he looked at her. "You will have to brush up a bit, you know, when Christina goes to Zurich. You are a week or so."

Anna pressed her hands nervously together. She felt that the house would suffer greatly under her guidance; but then she should have her father all to herself in her aunt's absence, and she should be freed from those scathing rebukes which made her feel all the more clumsy and nothing to hold by; there was not even an osier near at hand. Behind the gentian rose a thicket of rosy blossomed willow-herb, and here and there was a creamy tassel of meadow sweet, but even these were some feet beyond her grasp. Anna looked around her in despair. From the next field came a clicking sound. Andreas was busy mowing. He was old, but he was not deaf, and she could easily make him hear a cry for help; but she was afraid of Andreas. He kept the hotel garden in order, and if he found footmarks on the vegetable plots, or if anything went wrong with the plants, he always laid the blame on Anna. He was as neat as he was captious, and the girl shrank from letting him see the plight she was in.

She stooped down and felt for her shoe, and as she recovered it she nearly fell full length into the bog; the struggle to keep her balance was fatal; her other foot sank several inches; it seemed to her that she must soon be sucked down by the horrible black water that spurted up from the marsh with her struggles. Without stopping to think, she cried out as loud as she could: "Help me, Andreas! Help! I am drowning!"

At the cry the top of a straw hat appeared in in sight, and its owner came up hill—a small man with twisted legs, in pale clay-colored trousers, a black waistcoat, and brown linen shirt sleeves. His wrinkled face looked hot, and his hat was pushed to the back of his head. He took it off and wiped his face with his handkerchief while he looked around him.

"Pouf!" He gave a grunt of displeasure. "So you are once more in mischief, are you? Ah, ah, ah! What, then, will the aunt, that ever-to-be-respected Fraulein, say, when she hears of this?"

He called this out as he came leisurely across the strip of meadow that separated him from Anna.

She was in an agony of fear lest she should sink still farther in before he reached her; but she knew Andreas far too well to urge him even by a word to greater haste. So she stood shivering and pale with fear while she clasped her bog-stained shoe close to her.

Andreas had brought a stake with him, and he held this out to Anna, but when she had tried to draw out her sinking foot she shook her head, it seemed to be stuck too fast in the bog.

Andreas gave a growl of discontent, and then went slowly up to the plank bridge. With some effort he raised the smaller of the two planks and carried it to where Anna stood fixed like a statue among the flowering water-plants. Then he pushed the plank out till it rested on a hillock of rushes, while the other still remained on the meadow.

"Ah!"—he drew a long breath—"see the trouble you give by your carelessness."

He spoke vindictively, as if he would have liked to give her a good shaking; but Anna smiled at him, she was so thankful at the prospect of release.

The mischievous little man kept her waiting same minutes. He pretended to test the safety of the plank by walking up and down it and trying it with his foot. At last, when the girl's heart had become sick with suspense, he suddenly stretched out both hands and pulled her onto the plank; then he pushed her along before him till she was on dry ground once more.

"Oh, thank you, Andreas," she began, but he cut her thanks very short.

"Go home at once and dry yourself," he said. "You are the plague of my life, and if I had been a wise man I should have left you at the marsh. Could not your senses tell you that all that rain meant danger in boggy places? There'll be mischief somewhere besides this; a landslip or two, more than likely. There, run home, child, or you'll get cold."

He turned angrily away from her and went back to his work.

Anna hurried to the narrowest part of the brook and jumped across it. She could not make herself in a worse plight than she was already; her skirts were dripping with the black and filthy water of the marsh.

PART IV.

Heavy rain fell again during the night and continued throughout the morning, but in the afternoon there was a glimpse of sunshine overhead. This soon drew the vapor up again from the valley, and the white steamclouds sailed slowly across the landscape.

Gretchen had been very kind and compassionate about Anna's disaster. She made the girl go to bed for an hour or two, and gave her some hot broth; and Anna would have forgotten her trouble but from the certainty she felt that old Andreas would make as bad a story of it as he could to her Aunt Christina. But this morning the girl was looking forward to her father's home-coming, and she was in good spirits; she had tried to make herself extra neat, and to imitate as closely as she could her Aunt Christina's way of tidying the rooms. But one improvement suggested itself to Anna which would certainly not have occurred to her tidy aunt; if she had thought of it she would have scouted the idea as useless and a frivolous waste of time.

Directly after the midday meal, Anna went out to gather a wildflower nosegay to place in the sitting-room in honor of her father's return. It seemed to her the only means she had of showing him how glad she was to see him again.

While she was busy gathering Andreas crossed the meadow; he did not see Anna stooping over the flowers, and she kept herself hidden; but the sight of him brought back a haunting fear. What was it? What had Andreas said that she had forgotten? He had said something which had startled her at the time, and which now came pressing urgently on her for remembrance, although she could not distinctly recall it. What was it? Anna stood asking herself; the flowers fell out of her hand on to the grass among their unplucked companions; she stood for some minutes absorbed in thought. Andreas had passed out of sight, and she could not venture to follow him, for she did not know what she wanted him to tell her.

A raindrop fell on her hand, and she looked up. Yes, the rain had begun again. Anna gave a sudden start; she left the flowers and set off running toward the point at which she was accustomed to meet her father.

With the raindrop, the clew she had been seeking had come to her. Andreas had said there might very likely be landslips, and who could say that there might not have been one on the hillside above Malans? Anna had often heard her father say that, though he could climb the steep ascent with his burden, he should be sorry to have to go down with it. If the track had been partly carried away he might begin to climb without any warning of the danger that lay before him. * * *

Anna trembled and shivered as she thought of the danger. It would be growing dusk before her father began to climb, and who could say what might happen? She hurried on to the place at which she always met her father. When she had crossed the brook that parted the field with the gap from the field preceding it, Anna stood still in dismay. The hedge was gone, and so was a good strip of the field it had bordered.

There had already been a landslip.

Anna had learned wisdom by her mischance yesterday, and she went on slowly and cautiously till she drew near the edge; then she knelt down on the grass and, creeping along on her hands and knees, she peered over the broken, slippery edge. The landslip seemed to have reached midway down the cliff, but the rain had washed the earth and rubbish to one side. So far as Anna could make out, the way up, half way, was as firm as ever; there there came a heap of debris from the fall of earth, and then the bare rock rose to the top, upright and dreadful.

Anna's head turned dizzy as she looked down the precipice, and she forced herself to crawl backward from the crumbling edge only just in time, for it seemed to her that some mysterious power was beckoning her from below.

When she got on her feet she stood and wondered what was to be done. How was she to warn her father of this danger?

She looked at the sun; it was still high up in the sky, so she had some hours before her. There was no other way to Malans but this one, unless by going back half way to Seewis, to where a path led down to Pardisla, thence into the Landquart Valley, where the high road went on to Malans, past the corner where the Landquart falls into the Rhine. Anna had learned all this as a child from the big map which hung in the dining room at the inn. But on the map it looked a long, long way to the Rhine valley, and she had heard her father tell her Aunt Christina that she must take the diligence at Pardisla—it would be too far, he said, to walk to Landquart, and Anna knew that Malans was farther still. She stood wondering what could be done.

In these last four years she had become by degrees penetrated with a sense of her own utter helplessness, and she had gradually sunk into a melancholy condition. She did only what she was told to do, and she always expected to be told how to do it. Her first thought now was, how could she get help or advice; she only knew two people who could help her—Gretchen and Andreas. The last she reflected must be already at some distance. When she saw him, he was carrying a basket, and he had no doubt gone to Seewis, for it was market day in that busy village. As to Gretchen, Anna felt puzzled. Gretchen never went from home. What could she know about time and the distance from the Rhine valley? Besides, while the girl stood thinking her sense of responsibility unfolded, the sense that comes to every rational creature in a moment that threatens danger to other; and she saw that by going back even to consult with Gretchen she must lose many precious minutes. There was no near road to the valley, but it would save a little to keep well behind the inn on her downward way to Pardisia.

As Anna went along, the day cleared again. The phantom-like mists drifted aside and showed on the opposite mountain's side brilliant green Alps in the fir-wood that reached almost to the top. The lark overhead sang louder, and the grasshopper's metallic chirp was incessant under foot. Anna's heart became lighter as she hurried on; surely, she thought, she must reach Malans before her father had begun to climb the mountain. She knew that he would have left his knapsack at Mayenfeld, and that he must call there for on his way home. Unless the landslip was quite recent it seemed to her possible that some one might be aware of what had happened, and might give her father warning; but Anna had seen that for a good way above Malans the upward path looked all right, and it was so perpendicular that she fancied the destruction of its upper portion might not have been at once discovered, especially if it had occurred at night. No, she was obliged to see that it was extremely doubtful whether her father would receive any warning unless she reached the foot of the descent before he did.

So she went at her utmost speed down the steep, stony track to Pardisia. New powers seemed to have come to her with the intensity of her suspense.

PART V.

George Fasch had every reason to be content with the way in which he had managed his business at Zurich; and yet, as he traveled back to Mayenfeld, he was in a desponding mood. All the way to Zurich his sister had talked about Anna. She said she had tried her utmost with the girl, and that she grew worse and worse.

"She is reckless and thoroughly unreliable," he said, "and she gets more stupid every day. If you were wise you would put her into a reformatory without delay."

George Fasch shrugged his shoulders.

"She is affectionate," he said, bluntly, "and she is very unselfish. I should be sorry to send her from home."

Christina held up her hands.

"I call a girl selfish who gives so much trouble. Gretchen has to wash out three skirts a week for Anna. She is always spoiling her clothes. I, on the contrary, call her very selfish, brother."

George Fasch shrugged his shoulders again, he remembered the red and green apron, and he supposed that Christina must be right; and now, as he traveled back alone, he asked himself what he must do. Certainly he saw no reason why he should place Anna in a reformatory—that would be, he thought, a sure way of making her unhappy, and perhaps even desperate; but Christina's word had shown him her unwillingness to be plagued with his daughter's ways, and he shrank from the idea of losing his useful housekeeper. He had no means to depend on but his sister for the management of the inn, and he felt that no paid housekeeper would be able to fill Christina's place. Besides, it would cost more money to pay a stranger.

Yes, he must send Anna away, but he shrank from the idea. There was a timid, pathetic look in the girl's dark eyes that warned him against parting her from those she loved. After all, was she not very like her mother? And his sweet lost wife had often told George Fasch how dreamy and heedless and stupid she had been in childhood. He was sure that Anna would mend in time, if only he could hit on some middle course at present.

The weather had been fine at Zurich; and he was surprised, when he quitted the train, to see the long wreaths of white vapor that floated along the valley and up the sides of the hills. It was clearer when he had crossed the river; but before he reached Malans evening was drawing in, and everything grew misty.

He had made his purchases at Mayenfeld so as to avoid another stoppage; and with the heavy load strapped on his back he took a by-path that skirted Malans and led him straight to the bottom of the descent without going through the village. There was a group of trees just at the foot of the path, which increased the gathering gloom.

"My poor child will be tired of waiting," he thought, and he began to climb the steep ascent more rapidly than usual.

All at once a faint cry reached him; he stopped and listened, but it did not come again.

The way was very slippery, he thought; his feet seemed to be clogged with soft earth, and he stopped at last to breathe. Then he heard another cry, and the sound of footsteps behind him.

Some one was following him up the dangerous ascent. And as his ears took in the sound he heard Anna's voice some way below.

"Father! father! stop, stop!" she cried; "there is a landslide above, you cannot climb to-night."

George Fasch stopped. He shut his eyes and opened them again. It seemed to him that he was dreaming. How came Anna there, at the foot of the pass if it was not possible to climb to the top of it?

"What is it, Anna? Do you mean that I must come down again?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes, yes; the path above is destroyed."

And once more he wondered if all this could be real.

"Father, can you come down with the pack, or will you unfasten it and leave it behind?"

George Fasch thought a moment.

"You must go down first," he said, "and keep on one side; the distance is short, and I think I can do it, but I may slip by the way."

There were minutes of breathless suspense while Anna stood in the gathering darkness, and then the heavy footsteps ceased to descend and she found herself suddenly hugged close in her father's arms.

"My good girl," he said, "my good Anna, how did you come here?"

Anna could not speak. She trembled like a leaf and then she began to sob. The poor girl was completely exhausted by the terrible anxiety she had gone through and by fatigue.

"I thought I was too late," she sobbed; "it looked so dark. I feared you could not see; I cried out, but you did not answer. Oh, father!"—she caught at his arm—"if I had been really too late!"

Her head sank on his shoulder.

George Fasch patted her cheek. He was deeply moved, but he did not speak; he would hear by and by how it had all happened. Presently he said cheerfully:

"Well, my girl, we must let Gretchen wonder what has happened so long to-night. You and I will get beds at Malans. My clever Anna has done enough for one day."

Three years have passed since Anna's memorable journey. Her Aunt Christina has married and she has gone to live in Zurich; Anna is now alone with her father and Gretchen. She has developed in all ways; that hurried journey to the foot of the mountain had been a mental tonic to the girl. She has learned to be self-reliant in a true way, and she has found out the truth of a very old proverb, which says: "No one knows what he can do till he tries."

—*Catherine Macquoid in Leisure Hours.*

Love in its Immensity.

Paul has a sweetheart named Bertha. One day the following conversation between them was overheard:

Paul—Bertha, when we grow big we'll get married together, won't we?

Bertha—Yes, indeed, Paul.

Paul—How much do you love me, Bertha?

Bertha (after much thought)—As much as all out-doors.

Paul—Yes, but, Bertha, I love you as much as heaven!—*Philadelphia Times.*

No Advantage.

Jonnnie—"I wish I lived in South America."

Mother—"Why, Johnnie?"

"The mammas down there don't wear any slippers."

"Yes, my son, but you must also remember that the little boys in South America do not wear any pants."

"That's so. It's queer that I never thought about that."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Red-Headed Girls Don't Tan.

A red-headed girl, I believe, never turns brown. That, I understood from a learned physician, is because she has too much iron in her blood. It is the iron that gives the fine, Titian hue to her hair. If she had less iron in her blood her hair would probably be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blond. The varying degrees of redness that you see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with glossy, brownish hair that shows red in a strong light has only a fair share of iron in her blood, but a bricktop, if I may be permitted the expression, a bricktop is full of iron. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they wouldn't resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong and hardy and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sister.

Why Should There be Immodesty on the Beach?

In this connection I have always held that the mingling of the sexes in the water is wrong. We are prudes over in this country in most things, and our ideas of modesty carry us sometimes to the verge of the ridiculous; but in others we are signlarly lax. Even in France, where such things are regarded with a lenient eye, there are only a few watering places where men and women bathe together. In America the custom is universal, while the amateur swimming master, in the shape of a mashing Hercules, takes the place of the professional people hired by the authorities at seaside resorts abroad to perform these duties. I saw a gentleman carry a lady in his arms, the other day, at Block Island, and dip her frequently in the ocean. I naturally supposed the lady was his wife, and so passed the matter over for the time without comment. Judge of my surprise when, one hour later, while with a friend on the hotel piazza, I saw the lady and gentlemen meet and pass each other with a profound and stately salutation. I asked my friend if he knew either of them. "Certainly," he said; "I introduced them to one another yesterday."—*N. Y. Tyruth.*

A New Saint.

Enumerating some of the saints in the calendar for whom she had a special regard, Bridget, the other night, mentioned Saint Mary McDillon.

"Saint Mary McDillon!" exclaimed the native chambermaid. "I never heard of such a saint."

"The more shame to ye," said Bridget. "Mary McDillon is wan of the bist of the whole lot of them."

The chambermaid was not satisfied with this summary treatment of her ignorance, and appealed to a higher authority, who agreed with her that there was no such saint, but, after some reflection, reached the conclusion that Saint Mary Magdalen was undoubtedly the object of Bridget's pious regard.

Superior Knowledge.

Mr. Sousa, the conductor of the Marine Band, has a little daughter who came breathlessly into the house, a few Sundays ago, exclaiming:

"Isn't it a sin to jump rope on Sunday, papa?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Well, Birdie Wilson is out front jumping rope, and says it is not a sin, but I told her it is, and isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, darling."

Then with great deliberation: "Course it's a sin. Birdie is seven and I'm only five, but I know more about sin than she does."—*New York World.*

Use of Wooden Jails.

Omaha Man (down South)—You don't call that wooden barn a jail, do you?

Native—That's a jail, I reckon; leastwise that's where we take the prisoners.

"Such a structure as that, to hold desperate criminals! Why don't you build your jails of stone and have doors of iron?"

"Them kind wouldn't do about here, mister. Our law-abidin' citizens want a jail they can break into when a nigger needs plantin'."—*Omaha World.*

Wasted Ground.

"The hardest question I ever had to answer," said a gentleman who had just come down from the Thousand Islands, "was put by little boy while the train was passing through a small strip of woods. 'Papa,' he shouted, the roaring of the train making it difficult to hear, 'are there any lions an' tigers an' bears in these woods?' 'No,' I said. 'Well, if there ain't no lions an' tigers an' bears in woods,' he shrieked above the din, 'what do they have woods for?'"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Serving an Old Friend.

Young man (to editor): I sent a little poem here yesterday, sir; my name is Waffles.

Editor: Oh, yes. Are you a son of Mr. Montague H. Waffles?

Young man: Yes, sir.

Editor: Well, I destroyed the poem myself—burned it up and buried the ashes ten feet deep. Your father, young man (with emotion,) and I are old boyhood friends, and I love him as a brother. Bless the old boy! Tell him what I have done for him.

A Good Memory.

Broad street dame [waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p. m.]—"Mercy me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?"

Husband—"I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave."

"Remember, my dear, that you were young once yourself."

"I remember. That's why I watch him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Suspicious Proficiency.

A little flaxen-haired Cambridge girl was quite the pet of her playmates and teacher, so it was not to be wondered at that when company one day visited the school she was selected to show the proficiency of the youngest seekers after knowledge in counting. This is how she reflected credit upon herself and home:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—jack, queen, king!"—*Boston Times.*

Preparing a Thunderbolt.

A Yankee urchin of three and a half years, who is sojourning in Paris with his mother, came running to her the other day, full of unutterable wrath at something a Gallic playmate had said to him, and demanded: "Please, mamma, what is French for damnonsense?"—*Critic.*

Neatly Put.

A gentleman being at table, forget to help his little boy, upon which his child said to him: "Poppy, please to give me some salt." "For what?" said the father. "For the meat you are doing to give me," said the boy.—*N. Y. World*

In the Interest of Decency.

A dispatch from Asbury Park is headed: "The Bathing Suit Must Go." Now, this is shocking. There is so very little of it that it ought to be allowed to remain. It is better than nothing. If the bathing suit goes, newspaper men and other modest persons will also go.—*Norristown Herald.*

She Had Been There.

An Augusta, Me., lady went into a book store the other day to select a wedding present for a young lady who was about to be married. And after careful consideration she chose the book of religious poems entitled "The Changed Cross."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Experimenting.

Jane (under nine, to her governess)—Miss Fox, when ma asks you to have some more wine to-day at dinner, do please say yes.

Governess—Why? what do kou wish me to take more wine for?

Jane—Oh, I only want to see ma's face!

Wonders Never Cease.

Philadelphia child—"Oh, mamma, I saw the most wonderful thing to-day. Mme. Demore has it."

Mamma—"Indeed! What is it?"

"It's a type-writer that writes French."

As Good as Anything.

A Wise Doctor—"Doctor, I have a frightful cold in the head! What shall I take for it?"

Doctor (after reflection)—"A handkerchief."

Our Serial Story.

THE LYON TRACT.

BY GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"What man can you take?"

"I don't know, sence Watson went under who to take. He was a good man to go with on these expeditions. He was so gloomy and so despondin, that he kept me under, but when he had anything to do he alluz did it. Poor Wilson! I'll never hev a pardner like him."

And the mercurial Biggs was so affected by the untimely taking off of his late friend, that he came as near shedding tears as he ever did in his life. But he rallied—this was no time to indulge in childish grief.

"Peterson will do. Not ez well ez Watson—that man don't live who kin. But I'll make out with him. I spose we'd better start at once?"

"At once. There must be no delay. I want that girl back just as soon as possible. And back she must come. It doesn't matter what the cost may be—it doesn't matter how much trouble, risk or danger it requires, or how much blood. I had rather kill every man, woman and child about the mills, or on the whole tract than lose her. There must be no mistake—no failure. It must be done as quickly as possible, but no matter what time it takes, she must be brought back here. Now go, and waste no time."

Mr. Biggs, pleased at the prospect of villainy that had some novelty in it—some little risk and a great deal of cunning—went away in search of Peterson, as merry as as a grig. It was entirely congenial work, and he went at it as a naturalist would enter upon a field full of new insects. Messrs. Biggs and Peterson were not men to make any unnecessary delay. Their preparations were few and simple, for it only meant a careful inspection of their arms and a few days' provisions, to supplement what the forest and stream would furnish them, and thus equipped, they entered the forest, with which they were as familiar as they were with Southard's barroom.

For several miles they went carelessly along, but as they approached the tract they exercised more caution. They departed from the beaten roads, and went through the woods after the fashion of Indians, watching all indications, and keeping a careful lookout.

It was nightfall before they reached the camp near the mill, and then their caution increased as they crept toward it stealthily till they came to a place where they commanded a view of it.

Peterson said in a whisper, that it would be easy enough to set the mill on fire.

"Don't be too sure," returned Biggs in the same tone. "It isn't likely, that after the experience they had with Watson and me that they would leave it without a proper guard."

By this time they had worked around to the other side of the ungainly structure.

"See!" said Biggs, "there is a light in it. they have men in it. Bassford evidently knows with whom he is dealing. Besides, that isn't what we are here for. If, after getting the girl, we could burn the mill, it would be killing two birds with one stone, and would please Sentinal. But what's the use? He don't expect it—he hasn't engaged us to do it, and what's the use of beating ourselves out of another job? No! no! We'll let the mill alone till we're sent to burn it. What we want to do now is to get the lay of the land around here."

And the two men, crawling on like Indians, and keeping always in the shadows and never in the moonlight, made the tour of the various buildings composing the camp, and having got what they wanted, went into the forest and slept as peacefully as though they had been honest men.

The next morning they commenced operations in precisely the same way, though with more caution. Working about in the night is one thing—going about under the eyes of astute woodsmen in broad daylight is quite another. They lurked about the cabin, keeping themselves carefully hidden but watching the out-going and incoming of the occupants with eyes that missed nothing.

In the middle of the afternoon their patience was rewarded, for out of the cabin came a female figure, and leaning upon it a rude rifle was clearly too weak to support himself. The two came out on the porch to enjoy the delicious air, and the man sat down carefully in a chair, and the woman bent over him.

"Damnation!" muttered Biggs "it's Farrel! How in the name of all that's bad, did he escape me. But he will not now."

And he raised his rifle to his shoulder.

It is curious on what slender things lives depend, for the moment Biggs, rifle was in position, Fanny shifted her position so that she formed a perfect shield for her lover, and had the gun been discharged at the moment it would have killed her.

The baffled man dropped his gun.

"Lie here, Peterson, while I can get around where I can fetch him. I would have liked to give the girl a dose, but the old man wants her alive. I will just creep around so that I can get at him without hurting her."

Winding his way like a snake through the brush, his body almost as lithe as a serpent's and moving by almost the same means, he got into position where he was exactly in front of Farrell, and could shoot him without touching his companion. Again the gun was brought to position, and again it was dropped, for Bassford, with two other men, appeared at the moment from a narrow path in the woods, and as the three were in single file as they crossed the path, the assassin's bullet would have taken and Biggs gave a groan which was as near an imprecation as he dared utter from his concealment.

"It will never do to shoot him from here, with these three men around. They are all old hands, and I would be riddled in a minute. That man has a charmed life to have escaped me when I had so fair a show at him, and to have two people that I dare not hurt, come between him and me, this time! I am afraid he will beat us at last. I never saw such luck. If I'd had it, I'd never be doing Southard's work, but might have been operating on my own hook."

And so he twisted himself back again to where his companion was lying, who had been waiting the report of his rifle.

The two miscreants were puzzled what to do, and Biggs regretted that he had expressed himself so confidently to his employer as he had. With Farrell still alive, the abduction of the girl was not so easy a matter, for she would be with him all the time, as he was not in condition to get farther from the cabin than the porch, and he knew that there would be scarcely a minute that there would not be others with them.

He was puzzled what to do. He dared not go back without accomplishing what he was sent to do, and especially he disliked to go back and tell Southard that Farrell was still alive. It was either a confession of carelessness or a lack of skill with his rifle, which he dreaded even more. In a fit of desperation he determined upon a daring movement.

He determined to know something of what was going on the cabin, who was there, and what the condition of things was, that he might decide upon some plan of action. It was of no avail to beat about the woods as he had been doing all in the dark, as to what he had to do, and what he had to contend with.

He waited his opportunity. As a matter of course, there was a woman cook in the cabin, as she could not avoid going to the creek, which was perhaps thirty rods from the cabin, for water. He would lie in wait there, appear to her, and cajole or frighten her into some kind of talk, which would disclose something, and put him in the way of accomplishing what he wanted.

Hiding himself securely he waited with the patience that only honest sufferers and intense villains are capable of. His patience was rewarded. Just at nightfall a woman with a bucket in her hand came tripping down the path to the spot where water was procured for the supply of the cabin. Biggs slipped out from his concealment while she was stooping over to dip the water, and dexterously placed his hand over her mouth.

"Don't speak or yell, my little one, or make any noise, and you won't be hurt. I want a word with you. Keep still, and you'll—Great God, Liz!"

The woman started back, and regarded the man who stood before her.

"John! Is it you? Have you come back to me at last, to do me right? Is that what you wanted to say to me?"

"Liz, I didn't expect to find you here, and didn't come for you at all. I came for a purpose, and never expected to find you here. But as it is you, perhaps it is as well as though it was somebody else."

"What do you want,?" asked the woman, edging away as if she would place herself in a position to run, if it should be necessary.

"A very simple thing, Liz, and one you will find it to your interest to do for me. I want to find out all about who is in the cabin yonder, what they are—"

"You will get nothing from me, John Biggs. When you deserted me four years ago, with kicks and curses, and left me up in the Green Bay country to starve or die, the easiest way I could, I swore I would be even with you some day. The long years of abuse you piled upon me, and the kicks and bruises have all to be paid for, and they will be. What do you want to know for? Have you any any harm to do them? You never did any good to any one. Ah! Great heavens! Was it you who was lurking around here and shot Mr. Farrell? It was! And you are here to finish your devilish work! Thank heaven, I can spoil that!"

And the woman started up the path toward the cabin, but she was stopped suddenly. The

Recent Literature.

A LOOK OVER LITERARY FIELDS.

Some of the Later Issues from Eastern Publishing Houses—A Lull Between the Summer and the Fall.

A verry pretty little book of stories about animals is that entitled "Animal Memoirs" by Samuel Lockwood, and published by Ivison, Blakeman & Company, New York. The strange exhibit of thought and reason made by many animals is described here in many actual occurrences, related by one whose interest made him keenly observant. The book will have a tendency to arouse young readers to habits of study with regard to animals.

"Famous American Statesmen," by Sarah K. Bolton, is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. This volume contains pleasant sketches of ten of the leading American statesmen. They are George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Charles Sumner, Ulysses S. Grant and James A. Garfield. The omission of Abraham Lincoln is explained by the author to be due to the fact that she had already written of him in "Poor Boys Who Became famous. Mrs. Bolton is so well known as a writer that the book needs no commendation.

"The Life of LaFayette" which is further described as the life of "The Knight of Liberty in Two Worlds and Two Centuries" is written by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, the author of several works for boys and girls which have been very popular. The present volume is a very delightful one in every way and cannot fail to win many interested readers. The description of the thrilling scenes occurring during the Revolution is most excellent. The book is also published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Jack in the Bush," by Robert Grant, is brought out by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston. It is a description of the good times had up in the fishing and hunting region of Canada by some half dozen boys and their teacher, who go to find instruction as well as recreation. The story is told in a most attractive way, and will be read with pleasure by those for whom it is intended.

Literary Notes.

Edith Thomas, the poet, is to assist next season in editing St. Nicholas.

Cupples, Upham & Co. will publish shortly a new book by W. H. H. (Adirondack) Murray.

John Ruskin has written 64 books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach $20,000.

D. Appleton & Co. publish this week "A History of the United States and Its People," by Edward Eggleston.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has written for the October *Harper* a story entitled "Neptune's Shore." The scene is laid in Italy.

The Finlandepic, "The Kalevala," has been translated by Dr. J. M. Crawford, of Cincinnati, and Alden has published it in two octavo volumes.

The success of the Boston *Writer* has been so great that its publishers have decided to double its size with the commencement of the third volume.

The second volume of Mr. Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle" is already in hand. The material included is from Teheran to Yokohama.

Referring to the "Best Hundred Books" controversy, Herman Merivale says: "I am inclined to define the 100 books as those which everybody says everybody else must read, but never reads himself."

The writer of "Through Green Glasses" has just ready a new story. This time it is a tale of adventure. It will be issued under the title of "The Voyage of the Ark."

That there is a clean side to the soul of M. Zola is said to be proved by his new novel, "Le Reve," which is soon to be published, and which will probably disappoint the admirers of his recent sewerage in "La Terre."

G. P. Lathrop will bring out, about the end of this month an edition of his Gettysburg, "A Battle Ode," in pamphlet form, printed at the De Vinne Press, with wide margins and a simple cover. The edition will be small, and printed from type.

Longmans, Green & Co., announce an anonymous novel, "The Record of a Human Soul," which claims to be the honest account of the struggle of a sceptic, who ardently but unavailingly desired to believe, even the coming of the doubt until the hour when the doubter at lasts sees a light in heaven.

Miss Frances E. Wilard, whose name and works are of world-wide fame and influence, is most attractively put before the the readers of Alden's illustrated magazine, *Literature*, for September 1, in a fine portrait, a bright, readable, biographical sketch, and a contribution from her own pen on "Woman's Temperance Work; Its Origin and Evolution."

Lippincott's Magazine for October will publish the last manuscript that came from the busy pen of the late E. P. Roe. It is an autibiographical sketch, in which the author gives many interesting anecdotes of his literary career, taking as his title a phrase from Matthew Arnold's attack on America, "A Native Author Called Roe."

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

A Good Thing to Cut Out and Remember—It May Save a Life.

The following brief summary of the most rational and simple antidotes to the commoner forms of poison will only be used by artists and has been compiled for the *American Analyst* by Dr. Francis Wyatt, and it will be seen that he has suggested the most appropriate to be applied in any emergency, pending the arrival or in the total absence of a skilled medical practitioner:

POISONS.	ANTIDOTES.
1. Acid—Carbolic, sulphuric, muriatic, nitric, nitro-muriatic, creosote, iodine, phosphorus.	White of egg, well beaten up with water. A teaspoonful of mustard flour in a cup of hot water. Very thick mino water in case of sulphuric, nitric, muriatic or nitro-muriatic acids).
2. Chromic acid, chromates, all preparations or compounds of cyanogen, antimony, copper, mercury or zinc.	Abundance of white of egg in water. A teaspoonful of mustard flour in water. Copious draughts of an infusion of salt herbs.
3. Ammonia, soda, potash, alkalies, silicates and sulphates.	Strong vinegar and water. Large doses of oil. Large doses of milk.
4. Prusaic acid and its salts, all cyanides and sulpho-cyanides, oil of bitter almonds and nitro-benzine.	Continuous and heavy douches of ice-cold water over the head and spinal column. Mustard plasters on the stomach and soles of the feet. Prevent sleep.
5. Ether, petroleum, benzine, fruit essence, concentrated or absolute alcohol.	Plenty of mustard flour in large quantity of hot water. Cold water douche. Fresh air. Prevent sleep absolutely.
6. Compounds of baryta and lead.	A teaspoonful of mustard flour in warm water. Strong solutions of Epsom salts and Glauber's salts in cold water.
7. Compounds of arsenic.	A teaspoonful of mustard flour in warm water. A teaspoonful of dialyzed iron, mixed with the same quantity of calcined magnesia, every five minutes for one hour; then plenty oil, or milk, or some mucilaginous tea—any linseed.
8. Oxalic acid and its salts.	Very thick paste of lime and water by large spoonfuls at the time. After several of these, large draughts of lime water. Finally, four ounces castor oil.
9. Nitrate of silver.	Large doses of ordinary kitchen salt, dissolved in water, after which one teaspoonful of mustard flower in warm water.
10. Nitrous fumes of vapors, arising in vitriol or chemical works.	Frequent and small doses of strong acetic acid—the stronger the better.

She Was Misunderstood.

Old lady, stopping open street car.—"Ye don't allow no smokin' on this car, do ye?"

Conductor—"Certainly, madame; take one of the back seats."

—It is the intrinsic merit alone of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, that has gained for it great popularity for restoring the natural color of the hair.

WHY BOYS GO TO SEA.

The Charm of Sailor Dress, Loose Trousers, Flowing Necktie, Etc.

I was but a very little lad when I first went to sea—my age, 13¾. Some fellows, you know, might think 13¾ pretty old; but when I look back it seems to me so young that I can scarcely believe I was ever so small; and the fancy crosses me sometimes that the middy in brass buttons and a gilt badge whose face nine still rather resembles and whose lineament gleams out at me from the shot-silk plate of an old daguerreotype, must be some queer small boy I have chanced to meet in a crowd, and who has got mixed up in my early impressions as though he and I were the same person.

Why I went to sea I can hardly say. I had certainly no clear views. Maybe the reading of story books about the ocean life raised a kind of hankering in me; but I think it was the desire to shine in buttons, to wear a pair of blue cloth trousers flowing at the feet, a little jacket with pretty brass bound sleeves, a colored shirt with a collar lying well open at the throat and embellished with a black silk handkerchief tied in a proper sailor's knot, the ends twinkling to every breeze like the fly of a streamer pulling at a mast, a cap on the back of my head with a sparkling device above the peak of it representing a golden wreath encircling a flag beautifully colored with blue and silver silk.

I say it was a yearning to walk attired in clothes of this kind that ended in my going to sea. I have told you I had no clear views. My notions of the deep were entirely romantic I thought of coral islands, green savannahs, forests of fruit trees, savages with bows and arrows, great elephants with little black men riding cross-legged on their heads, blue rivers winding toward the purple of distant mountains, with shining white cities upon their banks, where the roofs of the houses of the nobility were garnished with gold and silver and precious stones, where there were ducks that laid emeralds and hens rubies, and where there were the funniest monkeys in the world to be had for the asking. I promised one of my little sisters to bring her a box of gold dust and the ivory tusk of an elephant; for another I was to procure a bird of paradise, two humming birds and a lizard that wasn't poisonous. To my brother Tommy, who was two years younger than myself, I promised a real canoe, and I rather think I added that if it was to be managed I would present him with a live savage to go fishing with him in it.

I knew geography pretty well, though my ideas of distant lands were a little confused when I came think of their products; but it seemed to me that a fellow only needed to go to sea to obtain what he wanted. The world was very big, I thought, and when a man sailed into it he was bound to meet with everything that was wonderful and worth having. It never struck me at the time that I might make a voyage to a place where there were no elephants, no gold dust, no canoes, no savages, even, merely a civilized black man or two, such as you may meet any day, bland, clean and shining, in London street. Indeed, I no more realized the sort of country I might first visit than I did the life I must lead in order to get to it. There was a great deal of fruit mixed up in my seafaring dream; the brass buttons and the badge stood first, and then my vision was as plentifully stocked as a big market with cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, dates, custard-apples and other first-class eating.

I knew something about ships; I had lived half of my little life in a seaport town, and could talk of bowsprits, quarterboats, deadeyes and jibs without blundering; but of the hardships of a sailor's life, the food he eats, the work he has to do, I was, of course, quite ignorant. It has often amused and interested me since to ask a boy of say 13½, who has told his papa and mamma that he is determined to go to sea, what his notions of the calling are. As a rule, I find them wonderfully like what mine were. It is partly an idea of getting away from school, partly the dream of becoming a man all at once, partly a fancy of pirates, buried treasure, glittering uniforms and fine curiosities to be got somehow and brought home, the whole colored with the light of the romance which shines very gloriously upon the minds of boys when they are little, but which slowly fades as one gets old and older, till life turns as gray about one as the cold November sky.—*Clark Russell.*

WHERE ALL BEGGARS ARE RICH.

Their Perfect Organization in Thrace Brings Them Wealth and Comfort.

Perhaps the most curious of all guilds in an Oriental town, and one which flourishes exceedingly in Cavalla, is the beggars' guild. Like other guilds, they have their own laws, their president and their council; this council gives a diploma to those who wish to beg, and without permission no one durst seek alms at the churches, mosques, or street doors, or all the legitimate beggars would rise up in arms against him, and his life would not be worth much. Friday is the recognized beggars' day, on which day they go around from door to door and get their wallets filled with bread and beans. These are divided by the community; nothing is private property; in consequence the richest of the brotherhood is rich; they possess house property, the income of which is spent for the benefit of the community, and once a year—on the day of St. John the Charitable—they have a feast. They all go to church on this day; it would be difficult to recognize the tidily dressed members of this honorable community in their holiday clothes as the ragged tatters are only *de rigueur* for them when they are on their rounds. Beggary pays very well. If a beggar's daughter marries, she is dowered by the community; the president sees to the betrothal, and his consent is essential. At Salonica, Blind Demetrius is the president; he is easily recognized as he parades the streets, singing his everlasting wail:

Day and night, day and night, I live in the street,
Wretch that I am! I hear the world, but I can not see it.

And though you know him to be a rich man, that his wife is well dressed, and that his daughter will receive a handsome dower, his plea for alms is almost irresistible.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MOTHER HUBBARD PARTIES.

How Stay-at-Home Young Ladies Enjoy the Comforts of Seaside Dressing.

"Don't come up to-morrow afternoon, Charley, dear; the girls have got a half-holiday, and I am going to have a 'Mother Hubbard party,'" said an East End maiden last night as she bade "her young man" good-night at the door. Charley wanted to come badly, and promised to wear a Mother Hubbard, too, but the young lady was immovable. "Men must not attend Mother Hubbard parties," she said firmly, and Charley went off in a huff.

Mother Hubbard parties are the very latest, and they are not less popular than the Mother Hubbard robe has always been in hot weather. But then men don't know much about them, for at Mother Hubbard parties gentlemen are rigidly excluded. The girls get together at the house of one of their number soon after breakfast, and each brings her most charming Mother Hubbard. In this loose and somewhat capacious costume they are wont to lie around on the floor in couch in easy and comfortable attitudes, thinking of nothing save their own comfort and enjoyment. They eat candy, bon-bons and sweet-cakes and drink iced tea and lemonade. They read to themselves and to each other, and the whole day is given up to pleasure. Gentlemen are not admitted until after sundown, and by that time the comforts of the Mother Hubbard have been surrendered for the more sightly and becoming street robe.

The Power of Music.

Henry Ward Beecher once remarked: "Let me make the national airs and I care not who makes the laws." Ceanus, a musician of Rhodes, when Apollonius inquired what he could effect by the means of music, replied that he could "make a melancholy man merry, a merry man mad, a lover more enamored and a religious man more devout." That it can soothe grief and exhilarate the depressed spirit, who that has an ear for melody or a heart to feel has not experienced? To its martial effects the annals of war fully testify, and few are found so low in spirit as not to have felt a kind of inspiration of courage from the sound of a march or the note of a patriotic air?

Those who were active in the campaign of 1840 will remember with what enthusiasm the people—and particularly the old soldiers who fought under the noble patriot, William Henry Harrison—marched singing, "what has caused this great commotion," to the tune of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." And now there are millions who propose to march under the banner of "Young Tippecanoe and our honest Morton too." To make this matter effectual there should be a singing band connected with each Republican club, it should be composed of its own members (if possible) so that it may be at all times available. It was so in the campaign of 1840 and contributed more to the success of the Harrison ticket than any other thing. "Let us join heartily," says an enthusiastic Republican, "in singing Harrison and Morton into the White House."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For the Tired Brain
from over exertion. Try it.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

AMONG the women who have come prominently before the people because of the public positions of their husbands, there are few who are more winning than the wife of ex-Governor Foster. Without being what is called beautiful, such a gentle, expression looks out of her eyes and rests upon her face, that one feels immediately that here is a woman worthy of all love and confidence, and the impression is deepened by her pleasant, unassuming, but dignified manners. It is women like her who elevate social standards, and make those around her feel the beauty of true and honest living, outside of social shams and follies.

IT is said that many English ladies of highest birth and breeding are not above entering into the world of trade, not always because they are in any necessity, but often for the sake of doing something original. Ladies of title and fashion, who have good incomes of their own and whose daughters are married and well settled in life, take to buying and selling merely to pass away the time. Some set up bonnet shops or millinery establishments; others old curiosity stores, and adopting fancy names they buy and sell and barter without the least compunction or loss of social caste. It some cases the motion is carried to a greater extent. My lady opens a bonnet establishment on the first floor, while her husband occupies the ground flat as a betting place, with telephone and telegraph connections with all the first racing clubs. Women who are without scruples, beg their friends for orders for bonnets or mantles. Having a certain knack of their own, they may make them or employ a milliner at starvation wages in one of their back attics, then charge two or three prices for the pretty trifle, making 60 or 70 per cent. by the transaction, which they coolly pocket and then smilingly await the next victim. This sort of thing is imitated by the men who, during a social dinner chat, try to push a certain brand of cigars or wine either on their own account or on commission. In short, "shop" is the latest English fad, and in this way many worthy people, to whom trade is a necessity, are deprived of their means of livelihood, and suffer, instead of profiting, by this latest fancy of the world of fashion.

NEWSPAPER articles, books and pamphlets are constantly written with the object of destroying public faith in characters and events which have become subjects of history. Shakespeare was not Shakespeare at all. Abelard and Heloise were only imaginary characters, and now an able writer comes to the front with the assertion that there is not, nor ever has been, a car of Juggernaut, as pictured by the popular belief. The horrors of idol worship have been preached in church, chapel and Sunday school, and Juggernaut held up as the most cruel monster of them all. Children of all civilized nations have shed tears, and their pennies at the same time, for the victims of this cruel idol—and the vision of idolators throwing themselves under the blood stained wheels has long been a familiar one. Now comes the statement that this story of the natives of India is a fallacious one, imbibed through the mistaken idea of a missionary, and after it had gained currency in missionary meetings and swelled collections, its horrors were not diminished. In reality, the car of Juggernaut is drawn by thousands of human beings, and whenever a death has occurred during the ceremony, it has been through accidental tramping under foot. It is supposed that the first missionary who witnessed the struggle did not understand that men were used instead of animals, with the idea that the human being could complain if he is ill or exhausted, but not a beast which might be driven to his death. Without doubt many of the heathen rites and ceremonies, if rightly understood, might be explained in such a way as to divest them of half their horrors and seeming cruelties.

IT is a well authenticated fact that beauty is only skin deep, while freckles seem to go inches deeper. But a new hope, as well as remedy, has sprung up for the freckled-faced girl, which has been pronounced as effectual as it is harmless. This remedy was accidently discovered, and is nothing more or less than the juice of a watermelon. The face is to be bathed in the liquid, and after a few applications the freckles will disappear together with any other blemishes with which the complexion may be afflicted. Countless young women have arisen with the lark to bathe the face in the early morning dew with the idea that it would prove a freckle eradicator, but all of no avail. However, if the watermelon cosmetic does not prove a success, the freckle tormented girl may comfort herself with the assurance that as a general thing a skin so afflicted is of remarkably fine texture and smoothness, and possesses rare hints of milk and roses. It is necessary the melon should be a ripe one in order that the bath may prove beneficial, and to secure this advantage it might be well to employ the recipe as given by an aged negro:

"When dey go *punk* dey is green ones,
When dey go *punk* dey is ripe."

A LEARNED doctor of Pittsburg claims to have invented an apparatus by which a human body may be compressed into an ornamental paper weight and without the aid of chemicals. His machine is a combination of steel presses and hot roliers—a sort of rolling mill on a small scale. A human body is put in at one end and taken out at the other in the shape of a paper weight. In short, the enormous pressure brought to bear upon the body excludes all moisture from it and compresses it to a fraction of its original bulk. Thus the body of a full grown man can be reduced to a cubic of one foot, as hard and as imperishable as marble. The inventor does not expect people to take his word for this but when he runs across a skeptic, he takes him by the arm, leads him into his study and points to his centre table, on which lies what appears to be a cross of the purest, white marble. "There," he exclaims, "are the remains of a child converted by my process into a handsome and valuable ornament, and what's more, I can turn out as neat a job every time." Doctors and chemists who ought to have intelligent ideas upon the subject are puzzled and hardly any two think alike. But whether the operation is possible or not it would hardly meet with favor in the eyes of the world, from the curiosity of the result, as there are few who would care to have their own bodies or those of their friends done over into a "neat job" and turned out as ornamental trifles.

A WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN.

Strange Roarings and Reverberations that are Heard in a Catskill Rock.

One of the most shapely mountains of the Catskid range is High Point. It is said that this mountain was much used by Indians in olden times because of the extended view to be had of the rich farming country of the Dutch settlers at Kingston, Hurley and Marbletown, and that before making a predatory raid in the valley, they awaited the signal of their scouts from the hugh boulder at its summit. On this rock, as the story goes, one of their captives was sacrificed. He was a sturdy Dutchman who refused to betray his friends by acting as a decoy. The Indians did not dare to burn him for fear the smoke would alarm the farmers, so they made use of their tomahawks.

To the people of the town of Olive this mountain has been a weather indicator. Farmers look to it to see whether it will rain or whether sunshine will prevail, while the fate of picnic parties or excursions is settled by the appearance of the gray summit. If the crest is capped with clouds of a certain color and shade rain is certain. The mountain will, in certain stages of the atmosphere, take up and repeat sounds from the lands below, and when thunder clouds cover its summit, and the thunder rolls along it, tremendous roars, growling and reverberations are heard as if coming from its very bowels. There are people who claim that this mountain contains a great cave, caused by a stream of water that runs into it and which has worn the rocks away for thousands of feet within the huge mass. This, it is said, causes the roaring, being a reverberation of the thunder as the lightnings expend their fury on its rocky summit.—*Kingston Freeman.*

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one that is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Lighter Than Vanity.

"Who is that fellow Miss Lightfoot is dancing with?" "Oh, that's young Shutemoff, the meter man for the Stygian Light and Fuel company." "I see; that's the reason she turned me off; she's struck a gas swell."—*Bob Burdette.*

CARING FOR THE KIDS.

Jim Burt, Messenger Boy, Has an Afternoon of Quiet Domesticity.

If I had known that taking care of kids Was any part of the messenger business some other boy could have had my job. As it is, I've got about enough of it. My left ear hasn't been any use to me since Thursday, when Mrs. Blinker's last offense howled into it for two hours and a half.

Mrs. Blinker lives only a little way from our office. I'd been up to her house before, and her boy, Tom, and I have played the Mitchell and Sullivan game together in the back yard. It's a great game for getting boys acquainted with each other. Most every time I go by there on an errand I drop over the fence and take about half a dozen three-minute rounds out of Tom. When the call came from her house I thought at first that she wanted me to come up and lick Tom for her because he'd been up to some of his tricks, but when I got within a block of the place I decided that she needed me to take a hand in a free fight or a murder. I never heard such howls as were coming from that house. I was in hopes it was the old lady herself, for I don't like her much, so I was rather disappointed to see her looking so well when she met me at the front door.

She said that all the servants were out—which was going it strong, because they only keep one—and then she took me into the back parlor. There was a kid about a year old sittting on the floor. His name is Bob, and I've heard of him before. His lungs are O. K. He was playing with a shawl pin and an old carving knife, while Bob's sister Emma was sitting beside him. She is eight years old and has already begun to prepare her voice for the lyric stage. She was watching Bob play his little game. It appeared to be quite simple and interesting. First the kid stuck the shawl pin into one arm and yelled, and then he stuck the carving knife into the other and howled. Emma had nothing to do but to yell when Bob howled and howl when he yelled so that there wouldn't be too much of any one noise at a time. Mrs. Blinker surveyed this scene of youthful merriment for half a minute, and then said: "Do you know how to take care of children?"

"You bet I don't," said I. "I don't know no more about it than you do."

I thought I might get out of the job that way, but it didn't work.

"All right," said she, "then you won't interfere and bother them. If you had ideas on the subject I wouldn't dare to trust you. Children should never be contradicted; it spoils their dispositions. Just keep them still and don't let them cry or scratch the furniture, and that'll be all. I'm going out shopping for a couple of hours."

"Now you look here," said I, "Jim Burt ain't no wet nurse and don't you forget it." But she was gone before I got the words out of my mouth and I was left alone with those howling kids. I was mad enough to run away and leave them, but just at that minute Bob found out that he was going to stick the shawl pin into his sister than into himself, so changed the game from solitaire to poker. I couldn't stand by and see bloody murder committed, so I sailed in and tried to separate them. It was a mistake. I ought to have let them go it; that is what they were used to, and it's always foolish to interfere in family arrangements. But I didn't think about that. I got the carving knife away from Bob and put it on the manteipiece. Then I went back for the shawl pin. The kid hung on to it and tried to probe it into my eyes. While I was fighing him I heard the alfredest noise behind me that ever was. It appeared that Emma had got on to where I'd put the carving knife and she was trying to stagger a chair up and put it under the manteipiece—which was an awful high one—and then she got into the chair, but couldn't quite reach up. Then she got a big book and put it up in the chair, and with that she could just reach to the clock that was standing on the edge, but she couldn't get that carver. So she pulled down the clock and put it on top of the chair face and all. I heard the noise she had stood up on the clock and gone through it with both feet. Then she lost her balance and grubbed a sort of cloth thing that was spread over the mantel and pulled it off with everything that was on it. Emma stood on her head in a tin cuspidor, with two big vases and lots of other brickbats, as they call them, on her. The clock struck twenty-seven and then the alarm gong went off, and all the time Emma was exercising her voice in a way to lift the roof off.

Just then Tom came strolling in.

"What yer doin' in here?" said he to me.

"I'm taking care of your family," said I.

"Yes; I should think you was," said he. "What's Emma standing on her head for?"

"Because she wants to, I suppose."

"She appears to like it, judging by what she says," said he, as Emma set up another howl. "I don't believe you know much about taking care of children."

"Don't, eh?" said I. "Well, I'll just bet you a bunch of cigarettes that I can shut up a kid quicker'n you can."

"I'll go you," said he. "You take one of 'em and I'll take the other, and we'll see which one of 'em will stop howling first. I'll take Bob."

"No you won't," said I. "We'll pitch pennies for it. I don't advertise to be any great charmer of the gentler sex."

So we pitched pennies, and you bet I stuck him, too, for I don't let anybody give me points in anything. I never go out on an errand that I don't practice two or three hours with the newsboys, and they are experts in the game. So he had to take Emma and I took Bob, but by this time they had got so interested that they'd both stopped howling. Tom claimed the bet, because Emma shut up first, but I wouldn't have it, and finally we agreed to call the bet off and start over again. We waited a few minutes for the kids to begin, but they tumbled to it that we wanted them, and they wouldn't shed a tear. We couldn't let that bet hang around all day undecided, so I prodded Bob up a little with the shawl pin and Tom cuffed his sister's ears, and they started off in the yell about neck and neck. Then Tom counted: One—two—three, and when he said three we began to stop them. Tom's way was different from mine. He believes in spanking, but I think you can get there quicker by judicious kindness to children; so, while he hammered Emma with the round of a chair, I filled Bob up with sugar, chewing gum, suspender buttons and what was left of a bottle of mucilage on the table. Pretty soon I got him jammed so full that he couldn't cry with any sort of comfort, so he stopped and tried to pry his teeth open with the shawlpin. When Tom saw that Bob's mouth was glued up with the mucilage he got mad. He said I hadn't given Bob any show to win nor him neither, and he proposed to take it out of me, with bare knuckles, to a finish, Queensberry rules. I came to time in just two seconds, and opened the first round with a left-handed upper cut that made him bite the end of his tongue off. I claimed first blood and the spectators yelled; in fact, they yelled all the time after Bob got his mouth open.

I should like to describe that fight scientifically, because it was full of good points. Tom got first knockdown in the third round, and he wanted it to count double because I fell over his mother's writing table and smashed the top off of it. We were debating that point pretty lively when his mother dropped in. I've read about the police hunting up prize fights, but I don't believe one was ever so badly broken up as we were. Tom's mother can fight and she don't pay any attention to fouls. She just waded in with both hands and a parasol, and in two seconds Tom and I were knocked clean out of time. I don't want any part of her; she can have the belt. I got out of the house with her assistance; in fact, her assistance landed me clean out on the sidewalk. When I got back the superintendent wanted to know if I'd been run over by a freight train. I said no, I'd been taking care of some kids and if he sent me to do it again I'd resign. It's too domestic. I'd rather be a chambermaid in a livery stable.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Wazem's Political Proverbs.

Thar is lots of sugar patriots, and pig iron patriots, and wool patriets, and lumber patriots, but patriot patriots is skeerce.

'Tain't a man's prayers that elects him to political offices.

Women in politics is like a petticoat in a tailor shop.

A statesman ain't always as big as he feels.

The American engle ain't an offensive partisan.

Statesmen is about the cheapest class of labor thar is.—*Washington Critic.*

Two Men.

Rich man for luck; poor man, etc.

Mrs. Smith—Good morning, Mrs. Jones. Did you hear that Mr. Jenkins died last night?

Mrs. Jones—Is that so?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, and he left a wife and eleven children.

Mrs. Jones—He was quite poor, too, wasn't he?

Mrs. Smith—Didn't I say there were eleven children?—*Exchange.*

—IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

Practical Hints on the Care of Children—The Warm Weather.

All good mothers dread the hot weather for their darlings. We have been fortunate, so far, this year, in having delightful cool days and nights; but these are changing surely, and next month will bring us the genuine autumn days.

A little practical advice about the care of babies and young children may not come amiss just now.

Let them have plenty of bathing. If you sponge them off at night with a little warm water into which salt has been sprinkled, it will insure a good night's rest for all the family. If I am tired myself I let about three inches of water run into the tub, throw in a handful of common bag salt, whisk in the little one and sponge it off standing. Sitting down in the water always calls for a frolic and splash. I give a regular sitting down bath between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning. Borax or baking soda is good to put in a bath, but these are not good for the hair and salt is. They make the hair very dry and brittle and are particularly injurious to fine hair.

Children need salt in the water to allay the irritation of prickley heat and I think it does much to prevent it.

Bran is excellent for softening the skin. Make a bag a foot square, of coarse, unbleached muslin (that is good enough), fill it nearly full of bran and close it securely. When the bath of warm water is ready, throw in the bran bag and squeeze and wash it until the water is quite milky in appearance. Then take out the bag and proceed as with any bath, using soap. Some people have an idea that the bran takes the place of soap and removes the dirt, but it does not. It simply softens the water and makes the skin feel like velvet.

Let fashion yield to comfort, for the little ones at least, and make them cool by taking off all unnecessary clothing. My baby plays around the yard in her dressed flannel band, gauze shirt, diaper, socks, shoes and dress, all crowned with a brown straw poke hat, to shade the little face. Cool mornings put on the little white and flannel skirts; as the heat increases towards noon, slip them off.

Feed the baby carefully; he or she does not need variety. In fact, a child through its second summer is safer on bread with a little butter and plenty of milk. If the bowels are loose, boil the milk. Boil enough in the morning for all day, strain it to get out the skim and put it away in the refrigerater, taking out only as much as baby will use at one time. Milk ought not to stand even five minutes in a hot kitchen. It cannot be kept too cool, but do not give ice-cold milk to children, particularly to babies. Warm it by heating the milk itself, or by adding some boiling water. A teaspoonful of sugar is plenty to a cup of milk. People generally give children too much sugar in their food. They do not naturally like it, for I have seen them shudder at milk that was too sweet.

One very important thing, in my mind, is the baby's band. On no condition take it off. Leave off the gauze shirt if baby is troubled with prickly heat, but never leave off the band. A baby born in the fall should wear the band through the first winter and summer, the second winter and summer, and even through the third winter if the bowels are easily disturbed. It need not be very wide, only a good finger or five inches, and long enough to go around the body once and lap over well in the back. It can be pinned to the diaper in the front and thus prevent it from going up around the chest, or "riding up," as they say.

Try to give baby its nap in the hottest part of the day. Take off the little socks, shoes, shirt and dress and slip on a cool nightgown. If you leave its clothes on it will wake up bathed in perspiration, and it will be necessary to change all, while the nightgown can be hung up to dry. Give all the fresh air possible. If you live in the city, take the baby out before 11 o'clock in the morning and after 3 in the afternoon, and remain out as long as you can. Leave your work; it can be done when baby is asleep. It will not be summer always, and the little one is worth every effort made to keep it with us. If you live in the country, keep the infant out all day, only bringing it in for its nap and food.

Plenty of fresh air is the preventive of the dreaded cholera infantum. A busy mother can not always be out with her child, nor can she always afford a nurse. To such I say, shut the gates securely, ward off every evil you can think of and then turn the baby out to pasture, trusting that its guardian angel will protect it safely through its play.

If you are sewing, take your work outdoors and let baby and gain health yourself. Have plain cambric and gingham dresses for the little thing and do not mind how dirty it gets. Dirt is healthy and will wash off easily. Some children will insist upon eating dirt; I never saw any harm come from it. I think there must be some dust lacking in their composition and they try to get it in this way. Two of my children have done it, and I know of several others addicted to this delicacy.

A good plan is to have a small pile of sand in the yard for baby to play and dig in. It is cleaner than dirt and may save your choice flowers from being uprooted and destroyed by those blessed baby fingers. If the darling is too young to walk bring the carriage or high chair out on the piazza or grass and let it enjoy the air in that way. When the house is very close and warm put baby to sleep in the hammock, a soft pillow under its head and a stick run through the meshes, closing the hammock, thus preventing a fall.

Plenty of outdoor air, simple food, light clothing and frequent bathing will carry many a little one through its first and second summer in safety in spite of teething and hot weather. A MOTHER OF SIX.

THE RECEPTION OF THE COACH.

How It was Thought to Exercise a Pernicious Influence on Man's Character.

Coaches—first introduced from France into England in 1580—gave rise to great alarm, since the love of ease which such conveyances were alleged to foster could not fail to exercise a most pernicious influence on the masculine character. It was a disgrace to a true-born Briton to make use of an effeminate invention scorned by ladies and by Frenchmen. The man who shrank from the endurance of fatigue or exposure to the weather would surely prove a dastard in the field of battle. The saddle was the hero's appropriate seat, and not the soft cushion of a carriage. But as the warnings of sage and moralist did not suffice to arrest the progress of the insidious evil, legislature enforced their precepts, in 1601, through an act that made the use of coaches by men a punishable offense. In spite, however, of legislative prohibition the wealthy owners of the demoralizing conveyances preferred to pay the penalties incurred, rather than relinquish the enjoyment derived from ease in costly equipages; and a few years after the Dukes of Buckingham and Northumberland had severally driven in a coach-and-six and a coach-and-eight through the streets of London the act was repealed in 1625. Doubtless the aristocratic influence that was brought to bear upon the legislature to obtain the repeal of an obnoxious law was aided by the pertinent reflection that the evil example set by a few rich men was not likely to exert a widespread demoralizing influence on the national character.

But the alarm out of which the act rose was not effectually dispelled, for though lulled to rest as long as the coach only ministered to the ease of wealthy men, it revived with increased intensity on the occasion of the substitution of stage-coaches for the ordinary mode of traveling throughout the country. Once more the moralist denounced the luxurious indulgences that must inevitably undermine the hardihood which was the distinguishing characteristic of the English nation. England was doomed to ruin and decay if it was to be peopled by a race that lost the manly virtues of their ancestors. True wisdom taught that to abandon time-hallowed customs was supremely perilous. But in spite of gong like reverberation of indignant warnings throughout the land, the stage-coach became an accepted institution, and doubtless many of its vehement opponents lived to own that the practice of traveling on four wheels might co-exist with masculine daring and energy of character.—*Woman's World.*

Preserving Not Pickling.

A Frenchman residing in this city is almost discouraged in his attempts to learn the English language. He made progress with difficulty, until an incident occurred the other day which has filled him with dispair of ever reaching perfection. Some of his friends were going away, and wishing to express his hearty wish for their safe journey, he exclaimed earnestly, "May God pickle you!" Imagine his consternation at the explanation that he had used the unfortunate word "pickle" for the proper term "preserve."

LOG CABINS are neither fashionable nor in demand, but they were more comfortable and more healthy than are many modern dwellings. Warner's Log Cabin Hops & Buchu is a reproduction of one of the best of the simple remedies with which Log Cabin dwellers of old days kept themselves well. Did you ever try "Tippecanoe?"

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contribution will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

LEE'S SURRENDER.

Graphic Account of the Closing Scene of the War by an Eye Witness.

The following graphic account of the surrender of Lee, published during the war in the New York *Times*, as told by an eye witness, will be interesting, we think, to the comrades and readers of the CAMP FIRE:

Lieut. Gen. Grant and staff arrived at City Point this morning at 4:30 o'clock, having left Appomattox Court House—the scene of the surrender of Gen. Lee and his army—on Tuesday morning at daylight. They came on horseback to Burkesville Station, on the Southside railroad, and from Burkesville to City Point. Appomattox Court House is one hundred and three miles west of Petersburg and only twenty-two miles east of Lynchburg. Gen. Lee did not arrive with them, but when the details of the surrender are complete, will proceed direct to Richmond.

I am able to lay before you the highly interesting and important details of the surrender, through the courtesy of Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, the eminent telegraph engineer, who was an eye-witness to the whole scene.

It will be recollected that Gen. Grant's first letter to Lee was dated on the 7th, Friday, the day of the battle of Farmville, and the correspondence was kept up during the following day and up to 11 o'clock on Sunday, as already published. In response to Gen. Grant's last letter, Gen. Lee appeared on the picket line of the Second Corps, Miles' division, with a letter addressed to Gen. Meade, requesting a cessation of hostilities while he considered Gen. Grant's terms of surrender. Gen. Meade replied that he had no authority to accede to the request, but that he would wait two hours before making an attack. In the meantime Gen. Grant sent word to Gen. Meade that he would be up in half an hour, and the matter was turned over to him. A flag of truce proceeded to Appomattox Court House shortly after noon, and at about 12 o'clock p. m. the two generals

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Salamanders.

179—Mr. LaRoe, Decatur, Ill.:

I wish to know something about the salamanders. Will they breathe in fire?

Salamander is the popular name of the most of the batrachian reptiles with persistent tail, which lose the gills in the adult condition. The family of *amphiumidae* has been noticed under Menopoma. The family salamandridae has been divided into two groups, the aquatic and the terrestrial, of which the former will be described under Tritons. Schneider united the water and land salamanders into a single genus *salamandra*, comprising the genera *salamandra* and *triton* of Laurenti. The division into groups according to general habits would be retained, and then the species now noticed will be those which belong to the old genus salamandra (Laurenti). In this group the body is lizard-like, the limbs four, the maxillary and palate bones with minute teeth, the tongue more or less prediculated and free; there is no sternure, the ribs are rudimentary, and the pelvis is suspended by ligaments; there are in the adults neither gills or gill openings, and the lungs are well developed; the eyes are prominent and furnished with lids; the skin is without scales, and has numerous warty glands which secrete an acrid viscid fluid; the tail is generally cylindrical. They live on land in adult state, and are found in the water only in breeding season; they frequent damp places, and are found only in the northern hemispheres, in Europe, and especially North America. The young, instead of being wholly developed in the water, in some are retained so long within the oviduct that they are born alive, having undergone a portion of their metamorphosis; the young live constantly in the water, and breathe by external gills, which disappear with the gill openings when the respiration becomes pulmonary; the anterior limbs are developed earlier than the posterior, the former appearing from, and the latter from, behind the gills. From large glands behind the eyes and on the body is secreted a yellow matter so abundantly and rapidly, that it gives rise to the popular belief, once extensively prevalent, that they possessed the power of extinguishing and of remaining unharmed in fire, to test which many have been cruelly destroyed; and this acrid secretion seems to be poisonous to some of the lower animals, and has caused them to die, and even their touch, to be regarded as venomous.

The Apostles.

180—A. B. J., Sioux City, Iowa:

How many apostles were put to death?

St. Matthew, of whose history even less is known than of the other apostles, is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or to have been slain with a sword in Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria in Egypt till he expired. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salamis. St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero. St. Peter was crucified, head downward, it is said, during the Neronian persecution.

Bulgaria.

181—L. O. C., ——:

Will you please, if possible, give me some information concerning Bulgaria?

Bulgaria is a province of European Turkey, bounded on the north by the Danube, which separates it from Roumania, on the east by the Black Sea, on the south by the Balkan chain, which separates it from Roumelia; southwest by Prisend, and northwest by Servia; area, about 39,000 square miles; population estimated at about 2,500,000, of whom about 79 per cent are Bulgarians and 20 per cent Ottomans, the remaining being Jews, Serbs, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Circassians, Albanians, Bosniaks, Wallachs, and gypsies, with a few settlers from various European countries. Between the town of Baba-Duh, in the northeastern lowland, known as Dorbrudja, and the sea, is the lake of Rassetn, or Rasin, 30 miles long by ten wide. By far the greater part of the land of Bulgaria is cultivated. There is no surplus except enough to supply 600 distilleries, which are carried up to a height of about twenty feet from the ground. The initial velocity is such that the gas does not ignite within several feet of the end of the pipe. Twelve lines of pipe at present convey gas from the various wells to the manufacturing establishments in and around Pittsburg. The pipes are from six to twelve inches in diameter. The initial pressure of the gas at the surface of the earth is from two hundred pound to a square inch upward to one thousand pounds, and even more. This decreases rapidly, however, from leakage and other causes until it is not more than seventy-five pounds to a square inch ten miles from the well. Elaborate tests have been made of the relative heating properties, and, without following the details of calculation, the result may be given—fifty-four and four-tenths pound of bituminous or fifty-eight and four-tenths of anthracite coal is equal in heating power to 1,000 cubic feet of natural gas. On this basis calculations as to cost may easily be made. The attention of engineers is largely directed at present to the possibility of long-distance transportation of gas, and some of the best authorities believe that this will be accomplished by drawing it through large conduits, say 5 feet in diameter, by means of suction fans. Whether the supply is destined shortly to give out, in consequence of the increasing and wasteful demands at present made upon it, is problematical; but the unvarying flow of the best wells seems to indicate that for many years to come no fears need be entertained of exhausting the supply.

The Cactus.

183—J. C. W., Chauncey, Ga. Please give as long history of the Cactus as space will permit.

The cactus is a genus of plants, the type of the natural order *cactaceae*, comprising numerous species, all of which are natives of America. The name was originally given by Theophrastus to a spiny plant of Cicily. The cactuses have large fleshy and succulent, globular or columnar, often deeply channelled and many jointed stems, usually leafless, but armed with spiries and bristles. The structure of many of the species is singular and grotlesque, and their appearance is interesting by reason of the roughness of the stalks and the beauty of the flowers. More than 60 species of cactus have been described. All species of cactus are best cultivated in sandy loam mixed with brick rubbish.

Public Lands.

184—W. Keller, Eugene City, Ore.:

Please give some account of the public lands prior to 1860.

The treaty of 1783 declared the territory of the United States to extend westward from the Athantic Ocean to the Mississippi. A large part of this land was claimed by certain of the states, who contended that their original grants gave them the territory inland to the western boundary of the country. But when the confederation was formed it was decided to cede all this territory to Congress, and this was accordingly done. There were numbers of claims on these lands, and Congress created eight boards of commissioners to examine into and settle these. But land not claimed was to be disposed of without delay, and Congress in 1785 drew up an ordinance directing the secretary of War to draw by lot certain townships in the surveyed portion for bounties to the Continental army and the remainder was to be drawn by lot in the name of the Western states, to be sold by the officers of the Treasury at public sale for not less than $1 per acre. This measure, however, was a failure, and it was intimated that the states which had any lands of their own to dispose of took pains to make it inoperative. Meanwhile, settlers began to make entries on public lands without authority, and the government was obliged in one instance to force to drive them off. A company of United States troops was kept going up and down the Ohio river from the Pennsylvania line to Cincinnati from 1784 to 1786, burning all the cabins and laying down and burning the fences of these "squatters." Often this operation had to be repeated several times to drive away the determined pioneers. In 1787 the price of public land was reduced to 66⅔ cents per acre, and during the next year the regulation for drawing the land by states was repeated, and the treasury department, which then had charge of the sale of public lands, was empowered to sell them in any part of the United States at pleasure. The low price attracted settlers, and large tracts for settlement were purchased by associations of colonists, but the states had also much land for sale, and they eagerly pushed these in the market, underbidding the government to check western immigration, and the Spaniards holding land in Illinois offered farms without charge to actual settlers. After the meeting of the first Congress under the constitution, the matter was all referred to Hamilton, who, in July, 1790, submitted to the House of Representatives a plan for the disposal of the public territory. Congress, however, was very slow to act in the matter, and neither adopted Hamilton's plan nor framed any other. In 1796 the present system of surveying lands was in substance adopted, and provision was made for selling lots of six miles in sections one mile square at a price not less than $2 per acre. In 1800 land offices and land registers were established, and impor ant changes were made in the provisions of the land laws that increased the terms of payment. The lands were to be sold at not less than $2 per acre, but only a fourth part of the purchase money was required at the time, and the payment of the balance was to be spread over three years. In case full payment was not made within one year after the last instalment was due, the lands were to be sold, or to revert to the United States. The natural result of the scheme was the piling up of enormous debts, which the government never could collect, and from 1809 to 1824 hardly a year passed without the passage of a "relief act" by Congress to suspend or mitigate the operations of the law in particular instances or for the relief of settlers from their indebtedness. In 1820 a law was passed abolishing the credit system and authorizing the selling of land in half-quarter sections, and making the minimum price $1.25 per acre. This caused great dissatisfaction on the part of the states, since as all lands were at the same minimum price the best lands were taken up first and large tracts of inferior lands were left, which bore no share, as public lands, of state or local taxation. In 1824 Benton introduced into Congress a bill for granting pre-emption rights to actual settlers and for graduating the price of lands, but it was rejected. The states were now becoming eager to effect internal improvements, and regarded the existence of large tracts of public land within their limits as a hindrance, and began to clamor for the restoration of these lands. Schemes without number were now concocted for the disposal of the public lands, and in the session of 1827-28 Congress actually gave away to states and individuals—largely on the plea of internal improvements—no less than 2,000,000 acres of public land, and the suggestion was seriously made to restore all the public lands in the states to the state governments. This was strongly opposed, however, and many warm debates were carried on in Congress for several years on the public land question. These were in a measure checked by the fever of speculation in public lands which raged from 1834 till it precipitated the crash of 1837, but were renewed with even greater ardor when the proposition came up to have the general government assume the debts of the states which had lost heavily in the speculative orgy. The plan of giving the public lands to the state was again thrust forward and was advocated by President Tyler in his message, but though a number of bills were brought before Congress proposing such a distribution, none actually became laws, except one providing for a gift of land to new states, which was passed in 1841, as part of the first pre-emption law. The cession of public lands to railroads on a large scale was begun in 1850; and has since held the principal place in the disposal of a very large proportion of the public lands. About 1852 a homestead law, which was warmly advocated by the Free Soil Democracy, became a national question. Several bills passed one house of Congress, but failed in the other. In 1860 a homestead bill actually passed, but was vetoed by President Buchanan on the plea that its provisions were not fair to all classes concerned. It was not until 1862 that a homestead law, as we have it to-day, was adopted.

Black Forest.

185—Celia, ——:

Where and what is the forest spoken of in history as the "Black forests"?

The Black Forest is a range of woody mountains in the southwest part of Germany, traversing Baden and Wirtemberg, and forming the eastern boundary of a portion of the basin of the Rhine. It extends about 100 miles in length almost parallel with the course of the Rhine, from which it is distant in many places more than 20 miles, and has a breadth in its southern part of about 30 miles, and in its northern part of about 18. The Black Forest consists of elevated plains, and describes itself upon the horizon in regular undulating lines. Its greatest elevation is near and to the east of Freiburg, in the region where the Wiesen takes its rise, and where the famous defile called Holle, a narrow valley surrounded by lofty mountains, and celebrated in the retreat of Moreau in 1796. The summits of the Black Forests are during eight months of the year covered with snow; they are generally destitute of trees, and except during the greatest heats of summer display no verdure. Descending from the top, the first trees that appear are the pine, the beech and the maple; these are succeeded by the dense forests of fir, with which all the middle and lower parts of the mountains are covered, and which frequently form the roof for the ships. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I would not be without a little thing, which looked about the size of a 2-months' old chicken, and sought to follow the parental guidance by running a few steps and then quite unexpectedly toppling over or turning a feeble somersault. I had quite hateful feelings against the mother bird, who by this time stood prancing before us with her wings beating and drooping tones. I think she saw by our expressions that we did not approve of such Spartan motherhood, such unnatural calming of the emotions, for she immediately turned upon her heel and bestowed a motherly kiss upon her solitary scion. There was a thrill of satisfaction along the whole line of spectators, when she finally sat herself down upon her nest and drew the ugly duckling under the sheiter of her rarely plumaged wings.

With groans and sighs, and dizzled eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Too Good for Him.

American men, like American women, are well dressed. That there exceptions to the rule, however, has unhappily been frequently illustrated. The dandy, the swell and the dude have all flourished in their respective periods to the annoyance of lovers of the good, the true and the beautiful. Of the trio the dude still afflicts humanity with his presence. This summer he is a little more obnoxious than ever. His latest fad is wearing a sash. Great Scott! Just think of it! A male with a sash round his waist. At Manhattan Beach the other evening I saw him in his glory. He was a little dude, with a weak and watery expression of countenance, a flimy eye and a feebie simper. His shoes were patent leathers, his gaiters of white duck, his trousers of pearl cassmere, with frightful bags at the knees, and his coat of big checked English stuff. On his head, above a single glass, balanced uncertainly a narrow brimmed pot hat. He wore no waisteoat, his shirt front was fully exposed and not a suspender was visible on him. Instead, he exhibited a sash. It was a broad band of black silk that covered the trunk half way up to the chest. At one side it was caught in an elaborate bow knot. The dude appeared quite proud of his outfit. He bore composedly the ribald jibes of a thoughtless spectators. His sash was the dearest to him of all his possessions. So provoking was his indifference that a bystander remarked: "I wish I had a couple of iron sash weights."

"What for?"

"To fasten to him and throw him into the sea."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

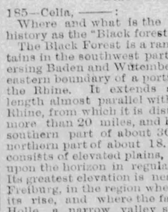
The Biting Tongue.

Slander attacks us from behind. The bite is rarely felt unless it is malignant and persistent. Disease, too, often steals upon us through a vital channel. The air we breathe affects the lungs—if it be malarious it enters the blood, if it change too quickly in the temperature it produces disease of the throat, &c. Whether Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is taken to prevent or to remedy the various forms of disease produced by miasmi, such as intermittent fever, dumb ague, ague cake or bilious remittent, it is and ever has proved to be an effective and thorough remedy—one which does not only ameliorate the symtoms of the maladies of this type, but eradicates their cause. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, bladder and kidney troubles are among the humanity-affecting troubles which it promptly relieves and ultimately removes.

Congregation All Right.

Minister's wife (whom illness has kept home from church)—You look tired, my dear.

Minister—Yes; I preached a very short sermon to day, and such an unusual exertion has rather exhausted me.



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FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, and instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

Natural Gas.

182—J. N. M., Springfield, Mo.:

How is natural gas collected and piped for use?

Inflammable gas, capable of producing light and heat, is generated in vast quantities within the earth, in the vicinity of carboniferous deposits, and often in connection with beds of rock salt. The usual method of driving a well is to erect a derrick and sink a six-inch iron pipe until bed-rock is encountered—ordinarily to the 1,000 foot level, which weighs from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds, are then brought into use and worked with an up-and-down stroke of four or five feet. An eight-inch well is thus bored to a level of 500 feet, when a six-inch wrought-iron pipe is put down and the drilling continued with six-inch drills until gas is struck, when a four-inch pipe is put down. The average time consumed in sinking a well is 40 to 60 days, and the cost is about $5,000. The gas is carried from the well direct in pipes, and the cost of piping, including right of way, is estimated at $8,000 per mile. As yet no way has been devised of utilizing the flow of gas that cannot be utilized goes to waste. At Murraysville, Pa., the largest well yields about thirty million cubic feet in twenty-four hours, and of this only a small portion can be utilized. The surplus escapes through a six-inch pipe, which is carried up to a height of about twenty feet from the ground. The initial velocity is such that the gas does not ignite within several feet of the end of the pipe. Twelve lines of pipe at present convey gas from the various wells to the manufacturing establishments in and around Pittsburg. The pipes are from six to twelve inches in diameter. The initial pressure of the gas at the surface of the earth is from two hundred pound to a square inch upward to one thousand pounds, and even more. This decreases rapidly, however, from leakage and other causes until it is not more than seventy-five pounds to a square inch ten miles from the well. Elaborate tests have been made of the relative heating properties, and, without following the details of calculation, the result may be given—fifty-four and four-tenths pound of bituminous or fifty-eight and four-tenths of anthracite coal is equal in heating power to 1,000 cubic feet of natural gas. On this basis calculations as to cost may easily be made. The attention of engineers is largely directed at present to the possibility of long-distance transportation of gas, and some of the best authorities believe that this will be accomplished by drawing it through large conduits, say 5 feet in diameter, by means of suction fans. Whether the supply is destined shortly to give out, in consequence of the increasing and wasteful demands at present made upon it, is problematical; but the unvarying flow of the best wells seems to indicate that for many years to come no fears need be entertained of exhausting the supply.

Miscellaneous.

187—Milwaukee: See answer in the BLADE of September 1, 1887.

188—L. C. C., Atterville, Ill.:

Did Harrison say that $1 per day was wages enough for a laboring man? Did he say that if he had it in his power he would drive the striker back at the point of the bayonet? What is the record of Past Commander-in-Chief Kounts?

1. No. 2. Toledo, Ohio.

189—E. S., Dodge Center, Minn.: You must have been misinformed about his death, as he is still alive.

190—Thos. M., Lombardville: Was James J. Blaine a Catholic? No.

191 B. M. H., Durango, Colo.: We cannot republish poems that have appeared recently. It is unjust to the vast majority of our readers.

192—L. M. N., ——:

Please publish in the Weekly BLADE a full account of Cleveland's substitute dying in the poor-house, giving name, date, location and full details as possible.

A full account of it was published in the BLADE of August 16.

193—C. S., ——:

Was Clinton B. Fisk ever a defaulter and had to skip to Canada to save himself from arrest? If so please give all the facts in the case.

No; not as we know of.

194—F. L. J., Wright City, Mo.:

Which of the following two newspapers is Republican and which Democratic, *Puck* and *Judge*?

Puck is Democratic, *Judge* Republican.

195—C. Henderson, Melrose: You have not complied with the rules at the head of this column.

196—E. R. Lynch, Sank Centre, Minn.: You have included several questions into one, making in all six. Please read instructions at the head of the BUREAU.

197—G. C. H., Felton, Del.: Consult some geography.

Birth of an Ostrich.

Wild ostrich eggs are huge affairs, as large around as a quart measure, says a Los Angeles correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. They lay out in the open field, and just as I was hanging over the fence, wickedly waving my jacket to make the majestic ostrich perform an undignified pirouette, one of the eggs broke open, and out popped a little ostrich.

Immediately there was a great commotion, and everybody rushed breathlessly in our direction. The keeper was told the news and came hurrying with ejaculations of surprise. He vaulted the two fences at the furthest distance from the nest, caught the ostrich, and made in the direction of the newcomer; but when the mother bird took long strides in his direction and manifested a lively curiosity as to his purpose, the keeper vaulted again over the nearest fence and disappeared from the scene. It was quite comical to see the old bird with her new-born offspring. The mother bird danced to notice the little thing, which looked about the size of a 2-months' old chicken, and sought to follow the parental guidance by running a few steps and then quite unexpectedly toppling over or turning a feeble somersault. I had quite hateful feelings against the mother bird, who by this time stood prancing before us with her long, beautiful drooping tones. I think she saw by our expressions that we did not approve of such Spartan motherhood, such unnatural calming of the emotions, for she immediately turned upon her heel and bestowed a motherly kiss upon her solitary scion. There was a thrill of satisfaction along the whole line of spectators, when she finally sat herself down upon her nest and drew the ugly duckling under the sheiter of her rarely plumaged wings.

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Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cents a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address

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For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

The Directoire Hat—Dainty Bonnets in Classic Styles.

Low crowned turbans of felt, trimmed with fancy feathers and toque and turbans of feathers, will be the first autumn hats worn, to succeed the soft high-crowned tourists' hats, which are now adopted early in August for seaside and mountain wear. Birds, tufts of feathers, bands and narrow fillets made from the fine breast plumage of tropical birds, are shown for trimming small bonnets intended for early autumn, and many novelties of shape are shown in the bonnets intended for the demisaisons.

For winter wear, it is generally conceded that large-brimmed, low-crowned hats of plain velvet and fine felt trimmings, with large tips and ostrich feathers, will succeed the toques and turbans of fancy feathers, and that eccentric shapes in bonnets will disappear, and small, close-fitting capotes of plain velvet and felt trimmed in compact, severe styles, will be generally adopted by fashionable women.

Many of the brims of fall bonnets are rolled back in classic coronet shape, and others have rolled brims, which are divided to form two or three Grecian fillets, and are then outlined by lines of gold or jet embroidery.

The effect of the Greek fillet is also given by narrow bands of fine plumes in the blush iridescent tints on the throat of the velvet bird, or the green neck feathers of the little French magnifique, whose gorgeous plumage is used in various ways in trimmings, and is often made to lend a touch of brilliancy to the more somber plumage of other birds. Many of the First Empire shapes in bonnets show a curve like that seen in the Marie Stuart bonnet of many years ago.

The new bonnets have long, low crowns, and are often trimmed with flat bands and breasts at the sides, which, although they are fitted closely to it, tend to make it rather broader on the head than the bonnets worn last winter. Embroideries on cloth and felt in a medley of old tapestry and Cashmere colors are imported in colored metals and silks to mingle with more sombre trimmings. Wide ribbons in old Cashmere colors and patterns of palm-leaves and other designs copied from old Indian embroideries are also used mixed with other trimming.

Cashmere effects will be especially popular, it is said, later in the season, when plainer bonnets are adopted. A dainty, simple bonnet, with just enough touch of color and gleam of feathers to make it attractive, requires the highest art of the milliner. It is very easy for a novice to make a commonplace, plain bonnet, which is neither grac ful nor becoming, and has no excuse for existence; but the simple, becoming bonnet, in which to quote the milliners' phrase, "an idea is carried out," must be made by deft, skilled hands.

The shades of green shown in millinery goods cover more space than all the other colors. Shades of brown, ranging from golden to a color nearly as dark as seal-brown, bronze, gray, will be generally shown later in the season. Dark emerald greens replace the bronze tints worn during the summer. Dove colors and silvery shades of gray are fashionable colors. Goura, a soft bluish-gray, is a new color, so called for the plumage of this bird, which has been extensively imported this season, yet is in such demand that the price of it at wholesale has been advanced.

Black bonnets will be used with all costumes during the fall and winter, and black is associated with nearly all colors, except shades of brown. Black and cardinal, black and green, and black and monsoreau, a faded rose color, rather stronger than rose and very popular with milliners just now, are all fashionable combinations of color. Cream-white is used again with green, especially with the grayish reseda greens, with golden-brown, silvery-grays and the gray-blues, and with the new bluish-greens called iguana.

The large, low-crowned hats which form a feature of the Directoire fashions are either of plain velvet or felt and are massed with tips or plumes from the back or directly at the side or nearly in front. The pattern bonnets shown this season are trimmed with large clusters of ribbons in striped or brocade effects, but usually in solid color or in two or three tones and color. The cashmere-colored ribbons are almost the only exception to this, and these will be used, it is said, principally for trimming on bonnets with strings in solid color of double-faced satin or velvet ribbon.

Wide bonnet strings in the width known as No. 40, which will be tied in a bow under the chin, replace the made strings of velvet. In cases where the bonnet strings are of double-faced satin or velvet ribbon, a narrow width, about 16, will be used. Wings are on bonnets in many ways. Two wings, deftly tipped with gold, are sometimes stretched over the crown and held closely to it. Many of the recently imported bonnets are lightened by an open space between the crown of soft knotted velvet and the brim, but this opening is concealed when the bonnet is on the head.

The question of hair-dressing for winter is still undecided. Parisians, who have never adopted the close Psyche knot worn in this country, are wearing their hair rather higher, while English women are dressing their hair low in catogan style. It is too early as yet to predict with any safety which fashion will be adopted in this country, but the shape of the new bonnet will necessitate some change.

ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK.

Notions in Fall Fancy Work—Something to Interest Ladies.

You are going to be critical of table linen this fall. You want as dainty stitchery or drawn work as you can get on tray covers, carving cloths, center cloths, doilies and the like from this time on. Last winter the scarf of vivid plush or velvet and the changing hues of colored glass made your dinner table beautiful. This winter you will depend on fine linen.

Suppose that by and bye you mean to spread a table for some festivity in white and gold. If you have kept some pieces of grandmother's fine china with gilt edges, so much the better for you. Your cloth will be white and no fringe upon the edge. For the middle of the table you want a square of dull, gold colored linen for your chief ornament. The art needlework counter will supply you with a piece say 25 to 26 inches square. It should be fine but of some firmness and may cost you from 50 to 75 cents a yard. You will finish the hem with a plain hemstiched border, and for ornamentation your fancy can rove from the old Italian cut work, which Catherine de Medici learned in Florence, to the drawn work which tried the eyes of Mary, Queen of Scots, or embroidery in any number of quaint German stitches. Settle upon a simple pattern in drawn work for the ends or for a border about the four sides. Then you may dot corn flowers or chicory blossoms or any posy that suits you over the middle of your cloth, scattering them liberally for richness. Do not fill them in with Kensington work as you might have done last year, but outline them simply with a white linen cord, sewing this to the background with gold colored Scotch linen floss.

A more novel dinner table design would reverse this color scheme, making the main cloth dull gold linen and throwing a white centre cloth over it. If you will experiment with this, try cut work for a border to the white that the gold may shine through the meshes. Sketch a vine—not too stiff a spray—about your cloth, or you may buy it, if your fingers be not nimble, ready sketched. Then buttonhole your pattern in white or yellow silk, and then cut out the design, cutting the interstices with floss threads and leaving a cobwebby tracery.

For a green dinner or a red, you will need the newly imported green or red linens, combined in the same way with white, and for blue there is a blue Irish linen which takes embroidery very effectively.

With cloth of this description you will work, to complete an outfit, napkins and the doilies for finger bowls and wine glasses to correspond. The napkins must be of variably white and take a border of hemstitching. Initials are worked on them in white linen floss, but a newer idea is a small flower of spray of the pattern used for the center cloth. The doilies are of the finest linen you can compass, without flaws in the threads, and no sheer as to be cobwebs. They are of the color of the center cloth. Drawn work is the prettiest ornamentation for them, embroidery in wash silks in conventional designs coming next.

Wash silk is to be emphasized. It is not permissible to use for table purposes any material which cannot stand water. Washable silk threads in the softer tints are beautiful on white linen. The real Scotch linen flosses are, however, the main standby. The dealers call them art threads and import them in the dull blues, pinks, creams and golds which are called for in needlework.

If the contrast of color implied in two cloths does not suit you, the white table cloth can be made very decorative. A border of cutwork can be planned for and so placed as to come upon the table when laid, showing the polished wood beneath. It will give the cloth weight and stability, especially if the outwork border is wide, to use a rope linen floss for the outlining. White upon white is the usual choice, but a gold floss on white linen is liked by many people.

Tea cloths allow more intricate ornamentation than any other variety of table linen. A yellow cloth may be embroidered with detached flower sprays in white well covering its surface. Blue linen with simple cutwork pattern outlined in white is effective. Corn napkins, carving cloths, etc., follow the rules already laid down.

The sash curtain, which is one of the necessities of city life, is never prettier than when made of alternate strips of Chinese silk and linen drawn work.

Furniture coverings are embroidered in linens quite extensively. The Irish homespun linens are used for this purpose, and the work is either self-colored, blue on blue, or brown on brown, or done in Eastern designs in old red and gold silks very effectively.

Next to linen, a good material for embroidery is pongee, which is made into cushions and pillows decorated with seaweed, net, hemlock and piney designs. The old "long and short" French stitches are good ones for work of this kind.

Don't use crewels unless you are embroidering something as large and heavy as a wall hanging.

The Free Traders in Indiana.

He was a Democratic politician from the East. The train stopped at Elkhart, but, not wanting refreshments, he raised the window and looked upon the crowd such as usually gathers about a railway station in the wild West. He observed two long, lean citizens, each with a gun on his shoulder, standing apart from the rest, and nearest him. Being a bit of a wag, he shouted to them:

"Hello, strangers, are there any free traders in this county?"

"Wal," replied the most forbidding one of the two, "there war two over in the back end of the county, but we've just been over thar and shot 'em both. They do say thar is another one down in Pigskin Creek, and I reckon we may go down to kill him." The reply satisfied our Eastern Democrat, and he concluded that if that was the sentiment all over Indiana there was a mighty good show for Harrison.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Champion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dederich, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S., and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITHROME, Ed. Saline *Courier.*"

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Value of the Bath.

The bath is a great aid to refinement of figure, and properly used, will often prevent obesity. Women undergoing the strain of work and care that often falls to mothers and housekeepers should insist on their warm baths from 90 to 112 degrees, which refresh one like sleep, for the simple reason that they wash away the waste which clog the vessels of the skin; this relieves the veins, sets the arteries flowing more freely and rejuvenates the whole system. After a night's watching, a very warm bath will restore one like four or five hours' sleep, and with a bath and three hours' sleep, one can support a strain for weeks, which else would be impossible. The douche of cool or tepid water after the bath is wonderful for hardening and developing muscle, but can be used only a few minutes without injury. Spraying the calf of the leg, the abdomen, the hips and the chest will strengthen and render the figure of wiry hardihood, with due care on other points. A gentle douche and spraying of the bosom is the only means to be recommended to increase the bust. The hip bath indirectly does much to secure a firm bust and good carriage of the shoulders. But a woman should never take a bath of any sort to make her shiver. The shower bath is too much of a shock for a woman's nervous system. The printers lately made me say that benzine was recommended as an addition to baths. Most women would know that benzoin was meant, which gives a pleasant, aromatic tincture to baths.—*Mail and Express.*

Thurman's Love for the Negro.

Topeka (Kan.) Commonwealth.

In speaking of the negroes in his Port Huron speech, Mr. Thurman called them "prolific animals," and as crowding the Northern cities as "boot-blacks and face-shavers." That thousands of preachers and teachers are of the colored race never occurred to him. But then, Thurman always loved the negro!

A Surprise for Pap.

Little Girl—Mamma, I want you to do me a favor.

Mother—What is it, Fanny?

Little Girl—I want you to make me a present of a nice new baby brother, but papa isn't to know anything about it until he sees it.—*Detroit News.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

THE PHRASE "O. K."

Its Probable Meaning and Manner of Its Origin.

Some one has started the paragraph over the country that the familiar letters "O. K.," used by telegraphers, railroad men and others, originated on the whig banners of 1840. The true origin of O. K. is this: Very early in the thirties a talented newspaper man, Seba Smith by name, was connected with a weekly newspaper of large circulation published at Portland, Me. A feature of the paper was a letter purporting to come from Washington, D. C., but really written by Smith, which was signed "John Downing."

This "Downing" was supposed to be an intimate friend of President Jackson, whom he always referred to as "the General," and made Old Hickory appear to be an uncouth and an illiterate man. In one of the letters Jack Downing tells how he noticed a bundle of papers upon Jackson's desk, tied with a string and conspicuously marked "O. K." "What do those letters mean?" says Jack to "the General." "They mean," says "the General," "that I have been through them all, and that they are all correct—O. K., don't you see?" It is strange how those letters gave to the world an impression that Jackson was an illiterate man. There never was a greater mistake.

I have seen a hundred letters written by him, and there are several in this city now that show him not to be a correct speller, but his penmanship shows familiarity with the pen, and his language is terse, carefully chosen, and his sentences as grammatically constructed as those of any public man of his day. It is also true that the symbols "O. K." were used by the Whigs in October, 1840, to express their satisfaction after Governor Ritner was elected by 30,000 in Pensylvania, Tom Corwin in Ohio by 40,000, and W. H. Seward in New York by 50,000 majority, when they concluded this was O. K., as it satisfied them that Old Tip would be elected in November following.

Not So Light After All.

Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?

Brother Jones—De jedge done give 'im two mun

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1888.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

Circulation Last Week, 158,000.

A SPLENDID CIRCULATION.

The Weekly BLADE'S circulation has reached an enormous total already, as the figures given above show, and the increase still continues. We want our friends to make an effort to keep the circulation still increasing, although it is now greater than that of any other weekly newspaper in the United States. We want just five more subscribers from each postoffice now receiving the BLADE. Any one can raise a club of five in a half hour. Roll in the clubs of five, for the twenty cent offer will soon be withdrawn.

TO REPUBLICAN WORKERS.

THE CHEAPEST OFFER EVER MADE

BY ANY NEWSPAPER, AT ANY TIME.

THE BLADE 3 MONTHS FOR 20 CENTS.

NOTICE — THREE MONTHS CARRIES THE SUBSCRIBER BEYOND THE DATE OF THE ELECTION.

We have determined to come as near giving away the BLADE from this time till after the Presidential election as possible, it being our contribution to the success of Republicanism and the election of HARRISON and MORTON.

From this date on, terms for the BLADE will be as follows:

THREE MONTHS, single subscription.....20c.
THREE MONTHS, single subscription, with Harrison Portrait.....30c.
For club rates (enormously low,) write to us for campaign terms.

The rates above given are much less than the cost of paper and printing, but we are willing to do it.

☞ We are willing to do it, because the country can not afford to have the government made the ally of England.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have its industries prostrated and its finances deranged.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have the interests of hundreds of honest, virtuous workingmen made idle, that English industries may thrive.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to become a mere producer of raw materials for foreign manufacturers.

☞ We do it because we believe most sincerely that the triumph of free trade in this campaign means the ruin of our industries and hard times for the farmers and everybody else.

☞ We do it, because we have the interests of the veterans who wore the blue at heart, and want them to have proper pensions.

☞ While the BLADE will be red-hot in its support of Republicanism and Protection, and will furnish everything in the way of political information and argument that will advance the cause,

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

That have made the paper so highly prized in families for the past quarter of a century, will be carefully maintained. Its political features will be additional.

RAISE CLUBS AT ONCE.

Campaign committees, men and women who have the cause at heart, can do nothing better to aid in the work than by raising clubs for the BLADE. Send for campaign club terms.

We would give the BLADE away if we could. As it is, we come as near to it as possible.

☞ Roll in the clubs, and get at the good work at once.

HOSTILE POSTAL OFFICIALS.

The following letter will prove of interest to the readers and friends of the BLADE all over the country:

VERNON, IND., Aug. 25, 1888.

EDITOR BLADE:—Some friends of Frank Berron, of this place, ordered the Weekly BLADE sent to him, and paid for the paper. When first delivered to him, there were two copies accumulated, and the postmaster told Mr. Berron that he could take one paper without paying for it, but that if he took two he would have to pay for them. He accordingly took one and left the other. After leaving the postoffice, Mr. Herron found plainly printed at the top of his paper: "This paper is paid for." He then went back and demanded the other copy and got it. Is there no law to prevent postmasters from obstructing the delivery of papers to those to whom they belong?

Yours, J. C. COPE.

There seems no efficient remedy save to have the public understand the facts. The BLADE requires pay in advance in *every* instance, and no paper is sent out without being paid for. Hence any one receiving a copy may be certain that he will never be asked for pay therefor.

Again, a newspaper publisher can not collect a claim for subscription unless he can show that the paper was ordered. But if a subscriber orders a paper sent to him and afterwards orders it discontinued, without having paid for it, the publisher can continue sending it, and can collect by law the subscription for as long a time as the subscriber takes it out of the office. This does not apply to the BLADE, however. We send out no papers that are not paid for in advance, except sample copies.

☞ *Send for campaign club terms, and aid he tremendous boom the* BLADE *is having. Do it* NOW.

WHEN a committee of manufacturers asked to be heard by MILLS'S committee, when the latter was framing the free trade bill, BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, one of the latter committee, exclaimed: "We don't want any d—d manufacturers in here." The old Southern idea seems to dominate the Kentuckian, that there shall be but two classes in the country—aristocrats with plantations, and slaves to work the latter.

THE Republicans in Congress seem disposed to let CLEVELAND have all the rope he asks for in his "jingo" message. They know he does not mean to attempt retaliatory measures, and that his message was a bit of campaign bluff. No President ever made a more undignified "clown's flipflap" than did GROVER in his blustering message.

GENERAL SECRETARY LICHTMAN, of the Knights of Labor, has written to Chairman QUAY, tendering his services for the Republican campaign, and showing that the party of protection is the one that should be supported by the laboring men of the nation. The letter will be found in the BLADE'S telegraphic columns.

AN exchange thinks that the "eternal Democratic idea" is something like this:

Secure an office that will pay you a salary from which you can contribute to campaign funds to help the party to give you another office that will pay you more salary, from which you can contribute more to the campaign funds to help the party to give you another office that will pay you more salary, etc., etc., and so on ad infinitum.

SOME POINTS AS TO THE THIRD PARTY CAMPAIGN.

It is a fact that when public opinion—that is, the consensus of a majority of the citizens of a state—crystallizes upon any one subject, one or the other of the political parties will be compelled to enact that opinion into law. It may be on the subject of railroad rates, or the destruction of trusts, or a change in the mode of taxation, or for the general improvement of roads, or the stopping of the manufacture and sale of Rum. Is is a mistake to assume that the passage of a law is going to produce any change regarding any matter so long as public opinion is at all evenly divided on its subject matter. Practically, men disregard what they regard as an unjust law if it is one that can be evaded. There is not a state whose statute books are not loaded down with laws which are disregarded by the masses of the people.

This is a fact, whether people close their eyes to it or not. A prominent instance is the Sunday closing law in Cincinnati. It will be remembered that the Ohio legislature last winter passed an amendment repealing the paragraph of the state liquor law which allowed municipalities to determine for themselves whether saloons should be closed or open on Sundays. This provision offended many good people in the state, and the pressure for its repeal was so strong that the General Assembly acceded to it. The result in Cincinnati is that the saloons are open as before, in spite of the law. Public opinion in that city is on the side of the saloon, and the law, which in other respects is as well observed in Cincinnati as in any other city of the land, is powerless in this respect. The saloonists, when arrested, demand jury trials, and the juries acquit them. What can be done here but to build up public opinion for the right and against Rum, so that it will be powerful enough to close the saloons and support the law?

The political Prohibitionists—the third party—apparently labor under the delusion that the thing to do is to pass Prohibitory laws, whether the people are ready for them or not—whether public opinion is sufficiently advanced or not to have the law properly supported—rather than to build up Prohibition sentiment as a moral question, outside of and beyond politics. The latest claim they make is, that Prohibition has become "a national question" under the recent decision of the United States Supreme court, as the federal government has control of inter-state traffic. But how can the federal government be made Prohibition, save through the action of a constitutional majority of individual states? The source of power of the national government is with the people of the states and prohibitory sentiment must first be created in the states before national prohibitory legislation can be obtained—before the Prohibition question can become a national one.

Iowa and Kansas, for instance, have Prohibition. They can the best serve the cause by a vigorous maintenance of the law within their own borders, and by an earnest and vigorous effort to secure Congressional legislation that will prohibit the introduction of Rum into any state wherein the Rum traffic is prohibited. Dr. FELLOWS, in discussing the efforts of the third party to build up itself in Iowa, makes use of an argument that is unanswerable when he says:

Suppose a few thousand conscientious Prohibitionists vote the third party ticket in this state, enough to give the Iowa electoral vote to Cleveland, will not such a result exasperate enormously important and Prohibition-hating state next year into the hands of the license party? In my opinion any Iowa Prohibitionist who votes the national Prohibition ticket, casts a vote that will tend to weaken the state Republican party, endanger its supremacy in the state and jeopardize Prohibition itself, with no compensating good to the nation.

It seems strange that any one who really has the best interests of Prohibition at heart would favor the introduction of the third party into Iowa, which already has Prohibition. The Democratic party of the state is bitterly opposed to prohibitory legislation, and the division of the friends of Prohibition between the third party and the Republican party can result in nothing but the triumph of Democracy and the imperiling of Prohibition. But Dr. FELLOWS gives what seems the key to the situation in what was told him by Hon. AARON KIMBALL, who met ST. JOHN while attending the New Orleans exposition. In a conversation upon Prohibition, ST JOHN said, in substance:

"Senator, your non-partisan Prohibition success in Iowa is a constant rebuke to our third party movement."

Hence the activity of the third party leaders in Iowa. They actually wish non-partisan Prohibition to be overthrown, that their party may thrive! Party before principle!

It may be interesting to our readers to recapitulate the reasons which Dr. FELLOWS assigns for objecting to the third party. We believe there is not one of them but is absolutely true, and they afford a compact summary of objections, not to Prohibition, but to the party which is using Prohibition as a cry to attract voters. He says of the third party:

Its confessed immediate aim is "to smash the old political parties."

It seeks political success rather than the success of Prohibition.

It deprecates the work of Prohibitionists outside of said party.

It seeks to break down Prohibition in states where it has been secured by non-partisan methods.

Only one in fifteen of Prohibitionists adhere to said party.

It strives more earnestly to promote Prohibition party success than Prohibition sentiment.

It manifests less opposition to the Rum Power than to the old political parties.

Its methods are such as to secure the cooperation and support of those engaged in the liquor traffic.

It aims to reform parties rather than the people.

It divides the ranks of Prohibitionists.

It exalts the political at the expense of the moral phases of Prohibition. It therefore weakens the support of the pulpit.

Its methods, compel distrust of the sincerity of many of its leaders.

Its methods strengthen opposition to the principle of Prohibition.

A vote cast for the national Prohibition party, though not so intended, is in its ultimate influence a vote for the liquor traffic.

And he could have added with equal truth, that a vote for the third party ticket is a vote for GROVER CLEVELAND and for the success of free trade. Dr FELLOWS also summarizes the reasons why non-partisan methods of working for Prohibition are more advantageous than the attempt to build up the third party, as follows:

It seeks the success of the principle of prohibition rather than of a political party.

It avoids the expense, waste, and doubtful methods of a political party.

It elevates the standard of Prohibition as a moral reform.

It seeks legal enactment to protect and strengthen said reform.

It promotes no unnecessary antagonisms.

It rejoices in the success of Prohibition wherever and by whomsoever secured.

It secures the hearty and unembarrassed support of the Christian pulpit.

It seeks first to reform the people who create parties.

It unites the ranks of Prohibitionists.

It tends to conciliate and win the support of all good citizens.

It accelerates the growth of Prohibition sentiment, without which legal Prohibition can never succeed.

When the people are reformed the parties will need no reformation.

When the state or nation Prohibition sentiment becomes sufficiently strong, it may utilize in its interest some existing political party, as in Iowa and Kansas.

Non-partisan Prohibitionists may and should support such political parties as can and will do the most for destroying the liquor traffic, even though such party is not ready to fully adopt Prohibition in its platform.

The non-partisan method is the quickest and surest way to exterminate the liquor traffic, as shown in Iowa and Kansas.

We reiterate our belief that the thing to do is not to waste effort, but to concentrate it upon the one prime object of cultivating and educating public sentiment up to the point of endorsing Prohibition. Without that sentiment, the law will be a farce, ignored and defied. With that sentiment in its favor, the law will be observed, and Prohibition be effective. The Rum Power's chief reliance is upon ignorance and vice. Prohibition depends for its success upon education and enlightenment. To educate the people to a clear understanding of the evils of Rum, and the benefits of Prohibition, is the first great step in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THURMAN'S FALSEHOODS.

It would be difficult to gather into the same brief space more direct falsehood than in the following extract from THURMAN'S Battle Creek speech:

This government is now collecting from the people in taxes every year from sixty to seventy million dollars more than it can possibly spend. The Republican policy is to keep on accumulating that useless surplus and keep up the unnecessary taxation. The Democratic policy is to stop taking from the people money that the government does not want.

The government's appropriations for the present fiscal year are already within a dozen millions of the secretary of the Treasury's estimates of the entire annual revenues; and should the latter not be up to the estimates, the expenditures will equal or exceed the revenues. So the government is not collecting "sixty or seventy millions more" than it can spend, or than it will need.

Second—The Republican policy, as declared in the platforms of this year and of 1884, is to reduce the revenues by a proper revision of the tariff which shall not break down the protective principle.

Third—The Democratic policy is to destroy protection and thus inevitably injure every workingman in the land by compelling him to compete with foreign labor, which is paid only one-half what our workingmen receive.

MR. THURMAN should have explained why the Democratic House has this year been so lavish of money that the appropriations exceed, by *ninety-five million* dollars, those made under the last Republican administration. The fault of this lies at the doors of the Democratic House and the Democratic heads of departments. There is a feeble evasion attempted by some Democratic sheets, that the Republican Senate increased the total. There were certain needed expenditures which had been neglected by the Democratic House, which were properly put in the bills by the Senate, but the vast increase over former years was made by the Democratic House.

Senator ALLISON showed up this extravagance in a recent speech. His specifications made the Democrats squirm. The increase of $600,000 in the agricultural appropriation, for instance, was conceived and born in the House. The $850,000 addition tacked to the District of Columbia appropriation was at the instigation of Democratic officials who insisted that it was absolutely necessary for sewers and increased water supply. He showed that one million and a half had to be provided for pensions above the estimate, because the House had passed a bill pensioning the widows of soldiers from the date of the death of their husbands or of their application, and to all this the House had added $1,000,000 for Mexican War pensions, which it had neglected to provide for last year. The chief of engineers had asked for $40,000,000 for rivers and harbors and $22,000,000 was granted, or $18,000,000 less than was called for. The House passed an eight hour law for letter carriers and thus made an extra million appropriation necessary for the Post-office department.

FREE TRADE TRUSTS.

Whatever denials may be made by free trade papers as to trusts in free trade England, the press of that country admits their universality there. The London *Iron Trade Circular* says:

The largest amalgamation of business firms which has ever taken place has been accomplished, and the prospectus of the company will be issued in the course of next week. There are eighteen coffin furniture manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and the whole of these have joined together in one large company with a capital of £400,000, part of which capital will be offered to the public for subscription.

The London *Times*, the leading newspaper of England, says:

The public are continually hearing of the doings of syndicates and other associations which, like a bundle of sticks, are powerful through combination. Associations of the kind sometimes offend against public taste and the public sense of morality, but success covers a multitude of lesser faults, and it must be conceded that financial unions have been successful quite as often as they deserve success. Syndicates are like financial armies. If well generalled and opportunity serves, they gain their battles; if they attempt to force an impregnable position they are defeated. The ethics of war are the ethics of finance, repugnant as both may be to an unimpassioned observer.

The London *Iron and Steel Trade Journal* thus records their extension:

The practice of combination to maintain prices in certain branches of the British iron trade is extending. In the Birmingham district the makers of carriage, cart and wagon axles recently united for the purpose of establishing an advance of twenty per cent, and so far the alliance has succeeded in upholding the higher rates.

While the *Bulletin* of the Iron and Steel Association says:

We now learn that the manufacturers of sheet iron in the Birmingham district have joined together to prevent free competition. More than twenty firms have shared in the effort, and the four or five which declined to combine are calling the "ring" by keeping their quotations at the same point as those fixed by the combination.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

No previous candidate for the Presidential office was ever the recipient of such extraordinary attentions as have been showered upon General HARRISON. Not even Mr. BLAINE, remarkable as was and is the personal interest which he inspires, was the center of so spontaneous and so continuous an ovation, during the period of his candidacy. Some of the Democratic press has been trying hard to make it appear that Mr. BLAINE is overshadowing General HARRISON in the Republican plan of campaign. Such efforts to excite ill-feeling among Republicans are vain and silly, in the light of the demonstrations that have greeted General HARRISON since his nomination. Not less remarkable have been his responses to the greetings of his Republican friends. This series of short speeches, numbering nearly a hundred, is fully up to the high standard set by General GARFIELD in 1880 and Mr. BLAINE in 1884. They are simple, direct, suggestive and thoughtful, indicating a high degree of literary skill as well as of political prudence. The Republican party becomes increasingly proud of its candidate for President the better it comes to know him.

CONGRESSMAN BYNUM, of Indiana, has been proved guilty of a most contemptible bit of political rascality. He made the statement some days ago that LEVI P. MORTON, Republican candidate for Vice President, when in Congress, had voted to lay on the table a bill to enforce the eight-hour law. It was shown by the journal of the House that Mr. MORTON had done nothing of the kind, and the Indiana Congressman not only did not have the manliness to concede that he was wrong, but he virtually confessed that he had done the injury, knowing it to be such, when he shuffled and persistently refused to answer when asked if he had not known that the journal of the House would show that he was lying when he made the statement about Mr. MORTON'S vote. This is the lowest kind of politics, and an example of the contemptible methods that have made Indiana Democracy a by-word and a reproach.

SEMI-OFFICIAL journals at Berlin do not think that the seizure of Massowah by Italy will affect peace. If France becomes convinced that incidents like the Massowah seizure Italy has supporters commanding respect, the world will perhaps be spared a repetition of the course pursued by France in this instance. They say that the meeting of Prince BISMARCK and Prime Minister CRISPI will consolidate the relations of European nations in more directions than one.

GEN. HARRISON AND THE RAILROAD STRIKE OF 1877.

We have an enduring faith that the intelligent people of the United States can not long be deceived by lies, no matter how desperate may be the asseverations of their truth. We believe that the shameful personal campaign against General HARRISON, carried on by the Democratic campaign managers and the lower and most reckless of that party's press, will fail of its intention. It has always been an axiom of Democratic leaders that "the masses" meant "them asses," and that the rank and file would believe anything told them if the Democratic brand were put upon it. The Republican party has always appealed to the reason and intelligence of the voting population, and hence it has the strength of right and honesty in its campaigns.

The Democratic managers are trying the old dodge upon the workingmen. Now, the latter are not ignorant fools. They are reading and thinking men, and are not to be deceived by Democratic lies, no matter how loudly they are shouted in their ears. Hence we believe that the scoundrelly attempts of the Democratic managers in Indiana to injure General HARRISON by inventing ten thousand lies about his connection with the railway strike in Indianapolis in 1877 will fail of their malignant purpose.

To meet all these lies, present and prospective, the Indiana Republican state committee has just issued a pamphlet containing a plain statement of the whole matter. The pamphlet first sets forth a brief history of the strike, followed by the proclamation of Govefnor WILLIAMS, a Democrat, and the request of the governor that General HARRISON would act as commander of the troops, and his subsequent assignment of General DAN MACAULEY to that position, and then goes on to say:

Following this proclamation a consultation was held between the strikers and the Committee of Safety, and one of its chief incidents was a speech by General Harrison, which, as shown by the newspaper reports of that day, and distinctly remembered by many, was a masterful review of the situation. He took a bold stand in favor of the justice of the cause of the strikers, pledging his best efforts as one of the arbitration committee to obtain redress at the hands of the railroad managers. That portion of his speech which dwelt upon the rights of employes, stirred up the extremists among the railroad managers, eliciting much bitter comment and even gross charges of demagogy. And in the same speech he also reminded the strikers that while their cause was just, and commanded wide sympathy among the people, the violent measures resorted to to enforce their rights, were a growing hardship and injury to the public.

It was not denied that they had taken forcible possession of trains, preventing not only freight traffic but passenger travel. Persons were virtually imprisoned in this city; others prevented from going to absent sick ones; drug stores were lacking remedies in a sickly season; that market supplies were running short, and that general distress and danger must speedily result if forcible possession of trains should be persisted in. He courageously urged that nothing could be hoped for from arbitration until the strikers themselves should come voluntarily under the rightful authority of law, and that lawlessness was the surest road to the defeat of their just and equitable demands in wages.

Gen. Harrison's judicious words were received with general approval, but two or three of the strikers, who had evidently not given heed to the entire speech, arose to withdraw, muttering something about not coming there to be insulted—not willing to brook what they thought to be an implied rebuke. But even these thought better of it and remained, while the great great mass of railroad men recognized the truth and justice of Gen. Harrison's remarks. One of the strikers significantly remarked that "the railroad men themselves did not at heart respect the men who were too ready to approve anything they did for policy's sake, and perhaps to gain votes. That railroad men, like other men, were liable to mistakes, and in the long run had higher regard for a man like Harrison, who in a kindly spirit showed their fault and tried to lead them out of it."

During one of the consultations some of the citizens advocated harsh measures, but the General suggested a peaceful solution, and the solution was found. But the restoration of quiet did not end the trouble of the strikers. Some of the railroad property seized, and forcibly held by them was in the hands of a receiver, and, therefore, in the custody of the U. S. court, and U. S. mails had been interrupted, constituting a grave offense, for which numerous arrests and imprisonment of leading strikers followed.

In this crisis of their need, it was Gen. Harrison who, unsolicited, took up their cause, first writing to Judge Drummond at Chicago, who was to sit in the trial, and when he came to Indianapolis in person to plead in an appeal for the men charged, exonerating them from "intent" in contempt of court, and emphasizing the injustice against which they were striving in the question of wages; and in short succeeded in so far getting their cause before the court that the judge, after a wholesome lecture, discharged them from custody without prejudice.

On gaining their liberty the men gratefully sought General HARRISON with thanks for his friendly intervention, one of them remarking: "If we had taken your advice, we would have not got into trouble." This statement is indorsed in the following terms by members of the committee on the part of the strikers:

"Being night yardmaster for the L. C. & L. railroad in Indianapolis before, during and after the strike of 1887, I cheerfully concur in this statement of facts, knowing, as I do, General Harrison's conciliatory and timely advice during those troubles. JOHN O. HICKS.

"General Yardmaster C., L, St. L. & C. R. R."

"We add our testimony to the foregoing statements of facts:

"JOSEPH AVERILL, General Yardmaster, Vandalia Line.

"JOSEPH SANGER, Secretary Yardmasters' Association.

"ALEXANDER R. MCALPINE, Superintendent Western Car Company, late Master Mechanic Bee Line Road.

"AUGUSTUS D. SHAW, Assistant Yardmaster C., C., C. & I. R. R.

"DAVID S. CRAWFORD, yard conductor Vandalia Line.

"JOHN WETHERS, switchman Big Four road, corner Louisiana and Mississippi streets.

"WILLIAM P. MCBRIDE, engineer C., St. L. & P. R. R."

The committee has in reserve the sworn affidavits of members of the committees that Gen. HARRISON never uttered the language attributed to him by the Democrats.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of HARRISON is the best one yet published. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

IT is well to keep before the people the frank and candid statements made by Gen. DICK TAYLOR, one of the ablest men—though far from being one of the ablest generals—in the late rebel army, in an article explaining the defeat of the rebellion. Said he:

We made two great mistakes. Had we avoided them we should have conquered you. The first was we did not substantially destroy the protective features of the tariff in the winter sessions of 1857 and 1858, by an act which provided a rapid sliding scale to free trade. * *

We could have passed such a law and held it tight on you till it closed the furnaces, workshops, woolen and cotton mills and steel and bar-iron works of the whole North and West, and scattered your workmen over the prairies and territories. When the war was ready for you you would not have been ready for the war. You could have armed and equipped and put into the field a large army, nor built a large navy. You would have been without supplies, machinery and workmen, and you would have been without money and credit.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* kindly tabulates, for the use of the Democracy in the campaign, the principal monetary transactions in which CLEVELAND has been engaged during the past quarter of a century:

Substitute for the army (1863).....	$250
Fulfillment of his pledge to substitute, whose health was permanently injured in the army (1868)	00,000
For relief of substitute, just before his death in the poorhouse (1886)	00,000,000
Taxes in Buffalo (1886).....	0,000
Charleston earthquake relief fund (1886).....	20
Cleveland election fund (1888).....	10,000
Grand total.....	$10,270

MR. ALLISON proved on the floor of the Senate, from the official figures, that the present administration is the most expensive and profligate we have had since the war. The Democratic crowd didn't relish the expose, but they can not refute their own figures.

DOWN in New York the complicity of Chairman BRICE in the swindling aqueduct contracts has become a burning question the people. They are indisposed to vote with a party whose campaign manager is a boodler.

THE rejected fisheries treaty was a Democratic move. It was negotiated by Secretary of State BAYARD, the present Democratic candidate for governor of Maine, and a Michigan free trade college professor.

THE DEMOCRATIC PENSION RECORD.

A friend calls our attention to the fact that the published summary of the report of the commissioner of Pensions, given in the press on August 29, is misleading. It states that there were added to the pension rolls during the year 60,252 new names. That this is done, no one will deny. But how was it done?

The act of Congress, approved January 29, 1887, granted pensions to the survivors of the war with Mexico, and the widows of such soldiers. The report says:

Up to June 30 there were filed 26,581 claims under the Mexican pension act. Of these there were allowed up to and including June 30, 16,529 claims of survivors, and of widows 5,195, making a total of 21,684.

Deducting these from the total claims allowed during the year as original pensions, leaves 38,568 original claims allowed during the year resulting from claims filed on account of the war of the rebellion. The Democratic press, with great stress, points to the figures, and lauds the Democratic administration as the friend of the soldier. The following, from the Albany *Argus*, is a sample:

While the Republican leaders in Congress are clamoring over the President's pension vetoes and endeavoring to persuade the Union veterans that the Democratic party is hostile to their claims, it may be well to remark that during the fiscal year ending June 30 there were issued 143,087 pension certificates, of which 60,261 were original and 52,926 increase pensions. The number of original pensions granted exceeds that of any former years by nearly 5,000.

The report is misleading in that it does not show up all the facts in the case. The entire force of the Pension office, some 1,300 clerks, was, during the hours prescribed by law as working hours, occupied in the settlement of claims arising from the rebellion. And this force was as large during the year as during any former year. The claims on account of the war with Mexico were examined and settled after regular business hours, by a number of clerks who volunteered their services, working evenings from 7 to 10 o'clock, expecting, and rightly, too, to be compensated therefor.

The report conclusively shows that, excluding the pensions allowed on account of the war with Mexico, there were allowed 38,568 original pensions on account of the Rebellion, or over 21,000 less than the largest number heretofore allowed in any one year—and not 5,000 more, as the Democratic interpretation would make us believe. We do not know how many of the Mexican claims were allowed simply on application, without examination, but certain it is that a number of such were granted. One of these, that of the Hon. WILLIAM MORRISON, JEHU BAKER'S defeated opponent for Congress in Illinois, was allowed without application, and returned by Mr. MORRISON, he saying: "When I want a pension I will make an application." These are the facts and figures upon which Democracy hopes to remain in the saddle for another four years.

GOOD FOR OUR FARMERS.

A London cablegram brings some news regarding the world's wheat supply which is a striking illustration of the old adage that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The great deficiency in the harvests of the Old World will furnish a market for the surplus wheat of our own land, and the misfortune of the European farmers will be a benefit to those of the United States.

England's crop is bad, and she must import at least 170,000,000 bushels. France, which is, next to our own country, the greatest wheat raiser in the world, has one of the poorest crops on record, and will have to import at least 80,000,000 bushels; and Algiers can not help her, for the grasshoppers have destroyed the crop there. Germany, Italy and the Netherlands must all buy more than usual.

Summed up, the facts are: The grain-buying countries will have to purchase some 370,000,000 bushels, while the wheat-exporting countries will have only about 295,000,000 bushels to sell. The world will need from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels more than has been raised.

The unavoidable result will be, if the above statements are at all near the mark, that wheat will rule much higher, and our farmers be able to realize handsomely upon their present crop and upon whatever old wheat they may have in store.

We cannot forbear calling attention to one statement of this cablegram, which appears in this morning's New York *Times*, a free trade paper. It is declared by the free traders that "Liverpool fixes the price of the American farmer's wheat." Listen to the London correspondent who sent the cablegram:

The wheat market of England is still a curiously parochial affair, dependent upon all sorts of local conditions and influences. *Liverpool generally follows New York and San Francisco*, but London is more concerned in the Baltic trade, and not so easily moved by American quotations.

Here is clear proof of the position taken by the BLADE, viz: that the price of any article of consumption, whether wheat, or beef, or butter, or potatoes, or cotton, is the resultant of the world's demand as measured by the world's supply. Our farmer friends should make a note of this statement from London, and confront the free trade theorists with it when occasion offers.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE facts that cannot be gainsaid as to the tariff issue are, that cheap goods on the free trade basis, always mean cheap labor. Abolish all protective duties on articles made or produced in this country and our home manufacturers would either have to abandon business entirely or cut down wages to the level of those paid by their foreign competitors. In either event the workingman would get the worst of it, for he would merely have the choice of no work at all, or pauper pay for what he did do. This is a plain business proposition, and all the sophisms of free trade advocates can not change it.

JOHN SHERMAN, in the course of some remarks on the floor of the Senate one day recently, said this concerning trusts:

I believe that any agreement whatever, whether in the form of a trust or any other form, that tends to restrain competition in trade or to prevent production in this country, is unlawful by the common law and ought to be made so by statute law in every state of the Union and by laws of the United States.

That is good Republican doctrine, and meets the approval of every Republican voter East or West. Crush the trust!

THE pretense that the Mills bill is not a free trade measure is a transparent humbug. The bill proposes to remove entirely the duties on articles now producing $22,000,000 a year revenue, or, say, on $60,000,000, thus increasing the amount of free trade imports to $100,000,000, the total imports being but $685,000,000. In other words, it increases the value of free trade articles so that they constitute three-fifths of our entire importations.

BOSS CLEVELAND gave 20 per cent of his annual salary to the campaign. That's the figure, gentlemen! Step up to Captain BRICE'S office and settle!

WARNER MILLER'S nomination for governor of New York by the Republicans will strengthen the party of protection in that state.

TURKEY is a free trade country, and is enjoying her annual deficit. That is the legitimate outcome of a free trade policy.

THE SURPLUS IS GONE.

In his message last December, GROVER CLEVELAND threatened the country with dire disaster if the surplus went on piling itself up in the United States treasury. He wanted it put in circulation, and he demanded of Congress that it should forthwith reduce the revenues by cutting down the tariff, the mode he indicated being to destroy the protective feature of the latter. It must have been a most disagreeable surprise to CLEVELAND when he found that his bugaboo, with which he hoped to frighten voters, had been destroyed, and by his own party, too.

The Democratic stump orators, and the majority of its papers, are keeping absolutely silent upon the matter. They realize that it knocks the props from beneath their position. THURMAN certainly knew that the surplus is practically gone, yet in his Toledo speech and elsewhere he repeated the old statements about the enormous surplus, and pictured the horrors that would follow if the tariff wasn't cut down in order to "reduce" what has now no real existence.

In order that our readers may understand the matter clearly we will present the figures—which can be verified by any one from the *Congressional Record* and the official statistics of the treasury. The following appropriation bills have been passed by Congress, and are now laws:

Agricultural.....	$ 1,716,010 00
Diplomatic and consular.....	1,428,465 00
District of Columbia.....	5,040,410 32
Indian.....	8,260,129 13
Legislative.....	20,668,068 07
Military academy.....	315,043 81
Pensions.....	81,708,700 00
Postoffice.....	60,860,233 74
River and harbor.....	22,277,116 90
Deficiencies (four bills).....	14,688,249 20
Miscellaneous.....	5,636,109 42
Total of bills passed.....	$222,654,526 50

The following annual appropriations require no act of Congress. The secretary of the Treasury in his annual report gives them as follows:

Interest on the public debt...	$ 42,500,000 00
Sinking fund.....	47,844,158 90
Refunding.....	11,943,000 00
Collecting revenue from customs.....	5,500,000 00
Miscellaneous.....	7,858,640 00
Total.....	$115,640,798 90

The following appropriation bills have not yet become laws, but undoubtedly will do so:

Army.....	$31,531,800 00
Navy.....	20,193,292 03
Sundry civil.....	28,506,999 54
Fortifications.....	6,202,670 00
Deficiency bill.....	3,539,434 49
Total.....	$89,974,196 06

Add the different totals together and we have the sum of $428,269,520 55. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the ordinary receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, to be $383,000,000, which, however, does not include the postal revenues, estimated at $57,563,000, and making a total of $440,563,000 of estimated income, and giving a surplus of only $12,293,479 45 for the year.

The President's plan of campaign is based on the constant accumulation of the surplus. Here is clear proof that the surplus is not accumulating, but that the Democrats are spending the revenues as fast as they come in. The foundation is knocked out from under the Democratic position.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

On the fifth page of this paper will be found our extended advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. We refer the hundreds of inquirers who have written to us concerning machines within the last six months to it for full particulars.

We have reorganized the factory, increased its facilities, and are now prepared to fill orders *at once*. Machines will be shipped within 24 hours of receipt of the order.

We are now able to fill orders for fifty machines daily, and anticipate a demand for them that will equal the factory's capacity, as soon as the harvest rush is over. Read the advertisement carefully, as it will not appear in the BLADE regularly, owing to its length. Send to us for a descriptive circular of the Machine.

DODGING THE ISSUE.

The cuttle-fish is one of the invertebrate animals—a mere gelatinous mass, composed chiefly of a mouth and stomach. Having no weapon of defense against its enemies, nature has provided it with a sac containing a black liquid; when attacked, the cuttle-fish expels the contents of this sac, thus rendering the water opaque, and giving it a chance to escape.

The Democratic leaders and papers just now remind one of the cuttle-fish. They are beaten on the tariff issue. It is already clear that protection will win if the attention of the public be not diverted and the issue obscured. They are endeavoring to muddle the waters in order to escape defeat.

CLEVELAND has tried it in his blustering fishery message, but that is proving a failure. He hasn't ink enough at his command to obscure his proportions and hide his whereabouts. And everywhere the lesser Democrats are trying similar tactics in the effort to confuse the minds of the people.

These frantic efforts will not be successful. The people will hold the Democratic party to the message of its candidate and the platform adopted by its national convention. They can neither take back the one nor rebuild the other. The battle this year is over the tariff, and there is nothing else that will be allowed to interfere. Lying and defamation won't obscure it, nor will public attention be distracted by bluff and bluster.

IN view of the fact that some of the more venomous Democratic papers are asserting that in case of General HARRISON'S election Mr. BLAINE will be made secretary of state, we call attention to the following, from Col. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, of the New York *Mail and Express*, who is in a position to know the real state of the case:

Mr. Blaine's nearest friends know and say that no inducement could persuade him to take any position in the gift of the President. His tastes, his desires, his purposes, his plans, are all unalterably hostile to such a resumption of official cares and labors.

That Mr. BLAINE has done with political life in an official capacity, is well known to his personal friends. But he is a Republican and a protectionist, strongly interested in the success of the party, and will give his powerful aid to the campaign. The malice of his free trade enemies can not harm him, but it is just as well that the facts should be understood.

THINK of a man telling an audience of workingmen that their condition has not improved in the past 27 years! Yet Judge THURMAN did just that silly and demagogic thing at Chicago. Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, in the September *Forum*, shows that the gain in the purchasing power of wages, measured by the multiple standard of food, uel and clothing, has been, from 1800 as compared to 1885 and 1886:

Skilled men.....	70 per cent
Average mechanics.....	50 per cent
Ordinary operatives.....	40 per cent
Laborers.....	43 per cent

During the same period Mr. ATKINSON makes analyses to show that the earning power of capital has decreased about 50 per cent. Mr. THURMAN should post himself on economic topics. The workingmen have been studying these matters since 1884, when he went into retirement.

☞ *Send us the names of all Republicans in your vicinity who do not take the* BLADE, *and we will mail them sample copies.*

THE Republicans in New York are in solid phalanx for the first time in years. There are no more stalwarts and half-breeds, but all are protectionist Republicans. The Empire State will roll up a tremendous majority for HARRISON and MORTON this fall.

ANOTHER PERCENTAGE TRICK.

The Minnesota Democratic platform contains the following plank upon the tariff:

We hold that the slight reduction of 4½ per cent in the existing 47 per cent tariff, as proposed by the so-called Mills bill, will, when put into practical operation, fully satisfy the people that a greater

A TARIFF PRIMER.

We pay no attention to queries that are not accompanied by the real name and postoffice address of the writer. As our readers know, we do not publish the names, if requested to do so; but we cannot waste time on anonymous correspondents.

XXXIV.—The Same Old Free Trade Lie.

LAKETON, IND.—Democratic speakers are trying to make a point by saying that "McCormick harvesting machines made in this country, and sold for $150 apiece, are shipped to Germany and other foreign countries and sold for from $30 to $55 apiece *less* than they are sold for in this country." How can the United States manufacture and ship to foreign countries and sell for the same, or compete with the cheap labor employed by foreign countries?

That we do export agricultural implements to Australia, I am well aware; and how they can be sold as cheap as free trade England can make and sell them, is what I cannot understand.—E. E. W.

In section 28, published last week, we exploded this falsehood, as relating to the Oliver chilled plows. This is another case of the same sort. The McCormick harvester is *not* sold cheaper in European countries than here. It cannot be done. Ask the Democrat who repeats the story for the proof, and he cannot give it you.

The agricultural implements we export to Australia you will find are patented, not only in the United States but in England and all other countries. This gives the manufacturer a monopoly of his invention so long as his patent runs, and shuts off cheap labor competition. Think a little and you will see this.

The above reply also answers the query of G. P. B., Sidney, Illinois.

XXXV.—The Tin Tariff.

ALVARADO, TEX.—The other day I heard a large dealer in hardware and tinware say that the Mills bill puts *tin* on the free list; that the United States produces no tin whatever but puts a heavy tariff on it all the same. Now if that is true, why does not the government admit tin free, for as it is all imported, its free admission could not possibly affect the price of labor. More than that it would cheapen tin and all manufactured articles of tin if it was admitted free, and free trade in tin could not have anything but a beneficial effect generally on the tinware trade.

The BLADE of Aug. 23 also quotes from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 25, to show that "free" tin would raise the price of same. Why should it? Put even if the price does advance, the manufactured articles of tin will be cheaper to the consumer than now, for he will not have to pay the tariff on it as he now does.—E.

Half knowledge is proverbially more dangerous than entire ignorance. The facts as to the tin tariff are as follows: Tin had not been discovered in paying quantities in the United States at the time of the revision of the tariff; so "tin, ore, bars, blocks or pigs, grain or granulated," was put on the free list. The ordinary tin plate of commerce is made of thin sheets of iron, covered with tin, and from this all tin ware is made. The duty on sheet tin, through a blunder, which has been frequently discussed, was made so low that it can not be manufactured in this country to compete with the imported tin. Hence the tin-plate industry in this country was ruined. Had the duty been made high enough to enable it to be manufactured here, the block tin would have been imported duty free, and the $18,979,337 which we paid for the tin imported in the fiscal year ending June 30 last, would have been kept in the country.

Tin has been found in abundance in Dakota, but as block tin is duty free, it is impossible to work the mines. The fact that the Mills bill puts tin plate on the free list caused the English tin trust, which absolutely controls the tin output of that county, to prepare to put up the price. Brazil, when we put coffee on the free list, at once put an export duty on coffee, and we pay as much for coffee, and more, than we did before, but the Brazilian government gets the money, not our own, while to the consumer it is no cheaper. The tin trust proposes to do the same with tin, if the Mills bill passes. That is all there is of it.

XXXVI.—The Difference.

BLOCK HOUSE, W. T.—In your issue of July 26, 4th page, 1st column, you say: "On the one hand stands the Republican party, declaring in favor of the continuance of this protective policy; on the other stands the Democratic party urging that the governmental policy be changed and placed on a merely revenue basis."

In the fourth column, of the same page, you say that "all needed information can be had" 1. By repealing the internal revenue tax on tobacco, which is simply a burden on the farmers who raise it; 2. By repealing the internal revenue tax on alcohol used in the arts and for mechanical purposes; that in the very improbable and remote case that the revenues should be too large, the declaration is made (4) that the whole internal revenue system had better be abolished than that the protective system shall be destroyed. It is easy to reduce the tariff so as to reduce the revenue to the needs of the government."

Will you be so kind as to explain the difference between the Democratic revenue to run the government, and the Republican tariff reduced to a revenue to run the government.—H. C.

The two extracts from the BLADE are not inconsistent. Your error is in believing the Democratic assertion that their efforts are directed to merely raising enough revenue to run the government. The example given in the section above this, shows the Mills idea. It simply is to prevent the mining of block tin and the manufacture of tin plate in this country. If enough duty were imposed to render mining and manufacture possible, there would several thousand men be given employment in these industries, now non-existent in this country, the millions we have to spend abroad for tin would be kept at home, and the home market of the farmers be increased by that number of consumers. There would be no tin-plate imported, and the revenue would be reduced by the $6,349,446 duty collected on tin-plate last year. Mills's idea is to reduce the revenue by putting tin on the free list. In the one case the money goes to our own people, is spent at home; in the other, the money goes abroad, and builds up an English trust. There is no difficulty in so revising the tariff as to amply protect all American industries, and still raise only enough revenue to supply the government's needs. The result is the same as that claimed by the Democrats, but the method is different.

XXXVII.—Houses are not Imported.

MOUND STATION, ILL.—(1.) Why are bricklayers in an unprotected industry paid as great wages as employes in woolen mills?

(2.) The Democrats here are telling the people that silk is on the free list. Will you please publish the duty on silk?—T. E. D.

(1.) You fail to note that the product of the woolen mill employe is protected by the tariff, while the house built by the bricklayer is protected by the fact that it is impossible to import brick houses. This, however, does not reach the root of the matter. The tariff renders it possible for workingmen in protected industries to demand and obtain higher wages than are paid to workingmen in the same industries in England. Now, cut off the protection to these men, and compel them to either stop work or to take wages only one-half as high as at present. What would the inevitable result be? We have had wages go down in dull times, and you have no doubt observed the fact that whenever there is a cut in wages in one great line of industry, this decline spreads to all lines. The last spell of hard times we had started with stagnation in the iron trade. Mills stopped for want of orders; this compelled furnaces to go out of blast, because the mills did not need so much pig iron; this threw ore miners and coal miners out of work, because the demand for iron ore and coal for the furnaces was reduced by millions of tons; this put teamsters, and many other classes of employes about mines and furnaces and mills out of work; it cut the business of the railroads, whose side-tracks were lined with idle cars, and thousands of railway employes were thrown out of work; and so it went on, until wages went down, not only for the men in the iron mills, furnaces, mines, and on railways, but to masons, and carpenters, and clerks, and everybody who worked for wages, in all possible occupations. The result of a free trade regime, such as the Democrats propose, would be jus the same. The bricklayer's wages would come down, as well as those of the worker in a woolen mill.

(2) There is but one thing in the silk schedule on the free list—and that is "silk, raw, or as reeled from the cocoon, but not doubled, twisted, or advanced in manufacture in any way." Silk, partly manufactured, pays 50 cents per pound; the next grade of silk, where it is spun into threads, pays 30 per cent. ad valorem; silk goods, finished, pay 50 per cent. ad valorem.

XXXVIII.—A Misprint.

SMITHPORT, PA.—In the Tariff Primer, July 26, you give a table designed to show the decrease in certain goods from 1860 to 1870; but you head the column showing the higher price "Nov. 1870," "lower, Nov. 1860." This is very confusing, and seems to controvert your own position. Is it not owing to a misprint?—T. A. M.

It is a misprint. The first column should be headed "Nov. 1860;" the second, "Nov. 1870."

XXXIX.—Our Merchant Marine.

We are indebted to a Toledo correspondent for the information contained in the following letter:

In your Tariff Primer talks, you gave a short and interesting history of the decay of our trans-Atlantic marine. Let me state a fact that stands in the way of its restoration.

A short time ago I read in the Liverpool *Mercury* of a shareholders' meeting of one of the prominent trans-Atlantic line of steamers. Among other things it was therein stated that an annual dividend of 2 per cent was declared, and surprising to me this declaration was commented upon as being unusually favorable and gratifying. The subsidy paid by the British government to this company as a carrier of her mails, must have been credited on the books of the company as earnings, and out of all these receipts a satisfactory dividend of 2 per cent was declared. Two per cent on hazardous property with uncertain and fluctuating business. Two per cent although employing sailors at wages much lower than our own sailors are paid in our coasting and lake marine. Two per cent! Who in our country would invest his money at 2 per cent, when absolutely safe investments can be made here at 6 per cent or more?

Is it not well for us that our capital, not finding any profit on the "Free Trade" ocean, has turned to the more profitable fields at home, which has resulted—through protection against 2 per cent investments and low paid labor—in the unparalleled growth of our own industries. At 2 per cent they are welcome to the ocean freights. I don't want it.—LAND LUBBER.

XXXIX.—Several Questions.

DYERSBURG, KY.—(1.) Do the American manufacturers sell their manufactured goods cheaper in England than they sell the same in the United States?

(2.) How can the manufacturers of the United States sell their manufactured goods in England in competition with goods manufactured there with pauper labor?—M. S.

(1.) No. See Section 34, above. (2.) There are certain lines of goods—patented articles, especially—which we can sell them because they are also patented in England, and until the patent runs out they cannot be manufactured there, except by authority of the patentee. There are some other articles wherein our machinery for manufacturing is so far superior to theirs that we can compete. But on articles where the mode of manufacture is the same, and the labor is the major part of the cost, we can not compete.

XL.—Protection in England.

LECOMPTON, KAN.—Would protection benefit England, as it does the United States? Are not the low wages and the miserable condition of the working people there due rather to the dense population than to free trade? If protection should be adopted there would higher wages follow? Are not manufactured goods so cheap there that no other country can ship goods there and sell them even if they are admitted free? In so, have they any need of protection?—J. N. D.

Protection would benefit certain industries in England. Free trade bears hardly upon the farmers of England, and the agricultural interest has been steadily declining for years. The competition of the still worse paid labor of Belgium injures several lines of manufacturing, and led to the movement of protection. Her industries, and at the time free trade was adopted, she could beat the world at manufacturing. The idea of the free trade apostles was, that competition in manufactures was not to be feared, and as the bulk of her raw material in her great lines of industry have to be imported, free trade could not injure her. The national policy has been to keep up ocean lines of commerce by heavy subsidies, so as to keep the markets of the world for herself. The policy was and is thoroughly selfish. Under it England's manufactures prospered so long as other nations did not attempt to protect their manufactures. Now one nation after the other is taking up the protective policy, though none of them have as complete a system as our own. There is a movement on foot in England among the trades unions to work for protection in order to obtain higher wages. Competition has brought the cost of production down to a minimum, and the wages of labor, in many lines, are barely enough to allow the workmen to live. Cheapness is a good thing, but there has to be a limit to it, or the working classes must suffer.

XLI.—Who Pays the Duty?

FARMINGTON, W. VA.—Who pays the duty, the consumer or manufacturer?—J. C. M.

Steel rails are worth in England $3 17s. 6d. or say $19. a ton. The freight is $2.50 a ton, and the duty is $17 a ton, making $38.50 a ton that English rails would cost at New York. American steel rails of a better quality, if anything, can be bought for $29 a ton. Does the tariff increase the price of the home-manufactured article so that it equals the price of the foreign article, *plus* the duty? There is one illustration one of many that might be given.

The following statement will cover the whole case: If you buy foreign made goods, you pay the duty that was paid by the importer to the government. But if you buy goods of the same kind made in America, you do not pay the duty, of course. You pay a little higher price than the foreign price, but nothing like as much as the duty on imported goods higher.

What Free Trade Did for Ireland.

Labor Tribune.

The cry is often repeated that the building trades in this country are not affected by the tariff question. The following item from a foreign exchange suggests the thought that the conditions existing in the wealthiest country in the world are not calculated, if established in America to stimulate the building industry, but, on the contrary, that cheap labor in other branches of industry means less employment for those engaged in the building trades. In 1800 Ireland had a protective tariff, and Dublin had 91 woolen factories. England's free trade policy reduced Dublin's factories from 91 to twelve in the year 1810. In 1800 in Wicklow county there were 1,000 flannel looms, but not one was at work in 1841. The prosperity of Ireland in 1800 was turned into poverty in 40 years by England's free trade policy.

No Doubt About This.

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man. "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got here."

—"WANTED—A young man who has been brought up on a farm, and has a fair education, to enter a business for one year, to learn it. Must have good character and correct habits, and willing to start low." Address with particulars and age,

LAW, KING & LAW, Toledo.

"Her Face Her Fortune."

A CLEAR, SOFT, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM PIMPLE, spot, or blemish, is produced by that most elegant and effective of all Skin Beautifiers, the

CUTICURA SOAP,

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unrivalled for the Toilet, Bath, and Nursery, and without an equal as an Infantile Skin Soap. Produces the loveliest, whitest, clearest skin and softest hands. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective, it enjoys a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

WHY FARMER GRIMES WILL VOTE FOR HARRISON.

Lawyer Old—
Well, Farmer Grimes, how goes the times?
And how is your crop of hay?
With a well-filled farm and a well-filled barn
You make good farming pay.
Soon Mr. Mills with his free trade bills,
Will cheapen what you buy,
And the men you hire will not require
Their pay to be so high.
For straight free trade our Cleveland made
His message bold and plain,
And this, of course, you will indorse,
And vote for him again.

Farmer Grimes—
Well, Lawyer Old, it may seem bold,
To say I can't agree
With Mr. Mills and his free trade bills—
Protection just suits me.
Our flocks of sheep we cannot keep
Unless the wool is high.
With foreign wheat we can't compete,
And don't propose to try.
We must depend on the farmers' friend,
A market close and high,
And the little mill beyond the hill
Our products freely buy.
Our milk we sell, our hay as well,
And get the ready cash,
And a market find for every kind
Of early garden trash.
Mill-owners say Protection's way
Just keeps them on their feet,
With the low-priced hands of foreign lands
They could not now compete.
Now mills don't run just for the fun
Of losing day by day,
And these free trade bills will close the mills,
Or reduce the workman's pay,
In vain we toil if once you spoil
The markets where we sell,
We may be slow, but us farmers know
Free trade will do this well.
So with your leave, I don't believe
In the message Cleveland wrote,
For Tippecanoe and Tariff, too,
I shall most surely vote.
—*John W. Woodside, in Philadelphia Press.*

PRICES OF ARTICLES

In Common Use in the United States and in England.

The New York daily *Press* has made an investigation into the prices of many of the more common articles purchased by the great mass of people, including the farmers, and publishes the following comparison of prices in England and America. It knocks the wind out of a vast deal of falsification now current in the free trade papers:

A common flannel shirt costs in England 3s 6d, or 84 cents. The cost here would, therefore, be nearly double, or $1.68. The actual price is $1.

A common suit of clothes costs in England 30s, or $7.50. The cost here, therefore, would be $12.50. The actual cost is $7.50, same as in England. An all-wool $10 suit, such as that exhibited by Major McKinley, costs just £2, or $10, in London.

In England common boots cost 6s. ($1.50,) and fair ones 10s. ($2.50.) Instead of costing one-third more here, the price is $1.25 for well made brogans and $2.50 for fair boots.

A 3s. 6d. (84 cents) hat in England can be got here for $1, and it does not cost nearly $2, as asserted.

A tin bowl costing 10d., or 20 cents, in England can be got here for about the same price, or at most 25 cents. On the other hand, kitchen utensils as a whole are cheaper in this country than in England, our ingenuity in making such articles being greater than it is in England.

A cheap cotton towel, quality for quality, costs less here than in England.

The Grafton linen mill, who have places on both sides of the Atlantic, say about thread: "We sell a large proportion of the product of our mills at Grafton, Mass., at prices that are as low absolutely as prices obtained in Britain for similar qualities made at our mills in Johnstone, Scotland." Wages here are 100 per cent higher.

All knit goods are cheaper here than in England, especially jerseys such as women wear. So are the commoner grades of stockings and socks.

American farming implements of all kinds are exported and sold in competition with English. They are better, more ingeniously made, more durable and cheaper than the farming implements of any country in the world.

American cutlery is imported by and sold in England. Does this not prove that the price is not higher than English cutlery? Pottery and window glass cost one-third what they did when we depended on England to manufacture these articles for us. The difference in the price to-day is not the duty.

Sugar is a Democratic industry, and rice "taxed" 102 per cent is carefully ignored. The Republicans repealed half the internal tax on tobacco in 1883, and would have repealed the balance last session, only Speaker Carlisle refused to recognize Judge Kelley for this purpose. What folly, therefore, to talk about 190 per cent on chewing tobacco. In Free Trade England the workman pays 1,200 per cent on his tobacco.

Blankets vary in cost here from $1 to $5 a pair. The retail price in England is practically the same, and the blankets compare favorably, that is, a pair of $5 blankets here would cost about £1, its equivalent in England. The government, in a recent purchase of blankets made abroad, discovered that the difference in price was only 30 cents a pair.

A calico dress can be bought in this country as low at 6 cents per yard, a sum equivalent to a duty. If the price is increased by the amount of the duty, calico dresses cost nothing in England. And yet the people go ragged. The fact is they cost more in England than here. And this is true of all staple cotton goods. A stuff dress can be bought here as low as 10 cents, and the duty is 17 cents. This on the theory that the duty is a "tax," in England these dresses are given away and 7 cents a yard bonus for taking them.

An example even more astonishing is found in the fact that while chloroform is subject to a duty of 50 cents a pound, the domestic article is selling in this country for 35 cents a pound, or actually for 15 cents less than the duty.

Turning to hardware we find the present price of steel rails in this country is $33 per ton. The duty is $17 and the freight $2.50, together making $19.50, the tax on imported rails. This deducted from $33 leaves $13.50, which should be the British price of steel rails, if the President's theory is correct. But the British price is, in fact, $20, instead of $13.50.

Further, the steel rail industry in this country was built up under the duty of $28 a ton. In 1885 steel rails were sold here for $27, just one dollar less than the original duty.

Take another illustration. The price of cut nails in Philadelphia is $2 for a keg of 100 pounds. The duty on cut nails is $1.25. If the above proposition be correct, cut nails should be bought in Europe for 75 cents a keg. In fact they can not be bought anywhere on earth for less than $1.50 a keg.

Again, cut nails have been sold in this country as low as $1.85 a keg of 100 pounds, while the duty was $1.50 a keg. Thus, according to the Democratic circular, cut nails must then have been purchasable in Europe for 35 cents a keg.

Three ply carpets are sold in England at 2s. 6d., or 62½ cents per yard. Add 50 per cent "taxes" to this and the price would be 93¾ cents per yard. Yet you can buy better and more artistic carpets for 62½ cents per yard than you can for the same money in England.

Common Sense.

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a

Cathartic

for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician."—H. Voulliemé, Hotel Voulliemé, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Look Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE

Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again.

Address, naming this paper, Prof. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y.

THE SKY IN SEPTEMBER.

Interesting Facts for Non-Scientific Readers About the Heavenly Bodies—The Sun at the Half-Way House.

On September 22 the sun "crosses the line." Since June 20 the great central luminary of the solar system has been apparently sweeping southward over the firmament. It dashes across the equinoctial on the 22d day of this month. At that moment it arrives at the "half-way house," so to speak, on the celestial highway, finishing its journey on December 21, when its northerly march will again begin, to be completed, as before, six months afterward.

The sun will pass through about eleven degrees of its southerly journey in September. It rises, culminates and sets further and further to the southward as the days pass, and the daylight period, as a consequence, is steadily lessening. The difference in the duration of the days between the latter part of June, when they were at their longest, and now, is apparent to even the most casual and careless observer. The period of daylight will be thirteen hours and two minutes long at the month and eleven hours and 48 minutes in length when the month ends, a reduction in the 30 days of one hour and fourteen minutes.

On the 22d of September, when the sun enters the sign of Libra, the autumnal period throughout the north temperate zone begins. At that time, when the sun crosses the equinoctial, days and nights, broadly speaking, will be of equal length all over the globe. The term equinoctial is derived from the Latin word *æquus* and *nox*, meaning "equal night." The September moon was new on the 6th, enters its first quarter on the 12th, is full on the 20th, and passes into its last quarter phase on the 28th. The harvest moon, which is the full moon occurring nearest the autumnal equinox, will be the moon which fulls on the 20th. The interval between the rising of the moon on successive days is shorter in the case of the harvest moon than in that of the full moon in any other period of the year. The name harvest moon was given it because it was the popular supposition that its rising near the same hour for several successive evenings was a special interposition of Providence to afford light to farmers in the gathering of their crops.

On September 10, one of the most interesting conjunctions of the year will take place. The moon on that day will pass near the two planetary members of the system which are in the best positions for observation. These are Mars and Jupiter. Both will be seen in the southwest. They will come plainly into view about three-quarters of an hour after the sun goes down, and will be visible until they set, about 9:15 o'clock. Mars will be two degrees south of Jupiter, the former shining with a clear, reddish hue, and the latter emitting a steady, brilliant, brownish luster. The moon, when at its nearest, will be but four degrees north of Jupiter and six degrees north of Mars, being higher above the southwesterly horizon than the planets. At that time the moon will be two days short of entering its first quarter phase. These three orbs in such close proximity, and situated so as to be in plain view of the observer for about two hours, will form the most beautiful celestial spectacle which September will have to offer.

The morning stars of September are Neptune and Saturn. The former is invisible except through a good telescope. The latter will not be far enough away from the sun to be clearly discernible until near the middle of the month. At that time it will rise about two hours before the sun, and about nineteen degrees north of the place where the sun comes into view. The other planets will be evening stars during the month. When the month begins they will range thus in the order of increasing distance from the sun easterly: Mercury, Venus, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter—Mercury being nearest to the sun and Jupiter farthest from it. Before the month ends Mercury and Venus, Mars and Jupiter, and Mercury, Venus and Uranus will have changed places in order of distance from the solar orb.

Neither Mercury nor Venus will be in good position for observation at any time during September. Venus, however, is steadily increasing its distance from the sun, and will be a brilliant object in the southeasterly portion of the firmament during the October nights and onward for the remainder of the year. Both Mercury and Venus will be in constellation Virgo throughout September. Mercury and Venus will be in conjunction on September 6, Mercury overtaking Venus on that day, and passing to the eastward of the "queen of planets." Each of them on the 19th forge ahead of the slower-footed Uranus, leaving the last named orb to the westward. The latter is the third and last planetary conjunction of the month. The first is on the 6th, when Mercury and Venus are nearer together. On the 11th the second occurs, when Mars and Jupiter make a close approach to each other, with the third, as before mentioned, takes place on the 19th, both Mercury and Venus passing Uranus to the eastward. The occurrence of so many of these phenomena in a single month is rare enough to be notable. The only one, however, in which all the orbs concerned will be visible is that which takes place on the 11th.

The conjunction between Mars and Jupiter, which has already been mentioned, will be the most interesting event in the career of these luminaries during September. Both are moving eastward, Mars, which is the nearer to the earth and sun, traveling the more rapidly. Years will pass after the 11th of September before these planets again meet and pass each other in the celestial highway. Although both are moving toward the East, the sun is sweeping with far greater deetness in the same direction, and the days of their glory in the Southern sky are fast approaching the end. At the beginning of the month Mars will be two hours before the sun, about three hours and Jupiter three hours and five minutes later than the sun, while at the end of the month Mars will vanish below the Westerly horizon two hours and fifty minutes and Jupiter two hours and thirty minutes after the sun goes down. Both Jupiter and Mars will be in the constellation Libra at the opening of the month, and at its close they will be in Scorpio.

Many first-magnitude stars will be in the field of view in the firmament during the evening hours of September. The principal ones are Arcturus, Spica, Vega, Deneb, Antares, Altair and Fomalhaut. Arcturus will be in the west, Spica in the southwest, Antares in the south, Fomalhaut in the southeast, Altair in the southeast, but higher above the horizon than Fomalhaut, and Vega and Deneb near the zenith, the former being farther to the westward than the latter.

Turning to the northerly portion of the sky, the constellation of Ursa Major will be seen to be lower in the northwest than it was a month ago, while Cassiopeia, on the opposite side of the Pole Star, will be noticed to be higher above the northeasterly horizon than it was then. Lower than Cassiopeia, and near the horizon in the northeast, a brilliant star, which for the past few months has been a stranger to the evening sky, will be observed to blaze conspicuously among the lesser orbs of that portion of the firmament. This is Capella, the leading luminary in the constellation of the Chariot.

THAT JINGO MESSAGE.

I'll twist the British lion's tail,
I'll make the Canucks fear me;
We've got to fish, and they cut bait—
By jingo, boys, you hear me!

I'll pile the earth with English dead,
If you will all stand near me,
And capture every Irish vote—
By jingo, boys, you hear me!

I'll crush the Senate at a blow,
And those who always jeer me;
I'll make it break its party's neck.
By jingo, boys, you hear me!

I had not thought to call a turn
That would as this endear me,
But Providence protects its own,
By jingo, boys, you hear me!

Now let us all rejoice and sing,
And Democrats come near me;
If I come back you take the earth—
By jingo, boys, you hear me.
—*Washington Critic.*

"CHEAP" THINGS.

Of What Utility If You Haven't the Money?

An Irishman who had been in this country but a few months, stepped into a store the other day to purchase some small article. The clerk handed it him, and the man asked the price, to which the clerk replied, 25 cents.

Paddy drew a handful of silver from his pocket, and, after selecting a quarter from the number, returned the remainder to his pocket. He was objecting to the price asked for the article, and said it could be bought in Ireland for ten cents, when the clerk said, "Why in thunder didn't you stay in Ireland and buy it, then?" "Ah, be jabers," said the Irishman, "if I had, I couldn't have got the tin cints."

HON. JAS. G. BLAINE'S ARTICLE

IN THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER

READY TO-DAY.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

THE PRESIDENT'S ERROR,
BY HON. JAS. G. BLAINE,
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BY GOV. JOS. BENSON FORAKER,
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Breakfast and Dinner Parties—Home Cooking, Dainties and Desserts, Teas, Suppers, Luncheons and Receptions. Gives exact, reliable information all the time desired women want to know. Tells how to entertain guests, how to serve refreshments, what to have and how to make it. Everything new and original, practical and well tested by experts. Accompanying the recipes will be remarks upon pretty table adjuncts, methods of serving and waiting, garnishing, table manners and etiquette.

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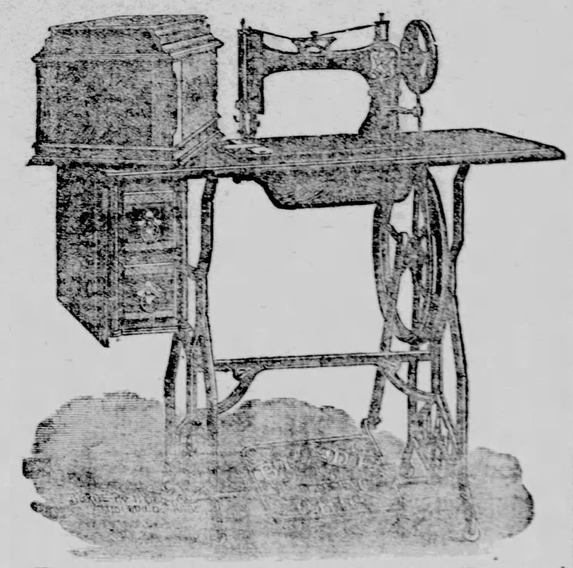
CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.

"THE IMPROVED"

BLADE SEWING MACHINE

OF 1888

A Grand Success



The above is a correct representation of our "Improved Blade Sewing Machine," manufactured by us, and sold to the people direct and without the intervention of middlemen.

Over 6,000 "Blade" Machines are now distributed all over this country, but the unanimous verdict of all who received and used our "Improved Blade Machine" is

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

Testimonials received by us from wherever we sent one evidence its continuously

GROWING POPULARITY.

We know why this is so; because it is the simplest machine on the American market to-day, because it is light running, built as good as the best of them, crosses heavy seams, and works from thin to thick goods better than any other make, and because our

FAST INCREASING ORDERS

from all places where an "Improved Blade Machine" went to demonstrate this to be the fact beyond any doubt. We had to abstain from advertising for a while to be able to fill orders on hand; but now can ship again daily, as the orders are received.

Our machines are sent to our patrons direct from the factory. There is no agent there to teach its workings, show its advantages over other makes, and to "Sing" its praise incessantly as the "King" and "Star" of all of them.

In many cases it is even looked upon with severe prejudice on account of its low price, because the reason for such is not understood.

We are well aware of all of these disadvantages, but willing to risk it, because we know our machine, and wish that it shall, without any assistance,

STAND ON ITS OWN MERITS

from the very minute it enters a household; our experience tells us that it will come out of this ordeal "victorious", and that it will, after it is used once

NEVER BE REPLACED BY ANY OTHER MAKE

except one of its own kind.

The following are a few of the many hundreds of similar testimonals received within the last few months:

TESTIMONIALS:

LANSING, KAN., June 12, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The "Blade" Sewing Machine ordered from you has been received. I have delayed writing until it could be fully tested.
Permit me to say that it is all that could be desired. Simple in construction, one learns to operate it, it is light running, and does all kinds of sewing in most satisfactory manner.
It certainly proves to be all that is represented.
Yours respectfully,
W. A. CRAWFORD.
Chaplain, Kansas State Penitentiary.

STONY RIDGE, Ohio, May 29, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo Ohio:
Gentlemen—Being in want of a Sewing Machine for use in my family, I, by the advice of a friend, resolved to try a "Blade." For me to resolve, is to do, so the first time I happened to be in your city, I called at your establishment, left my order and paid my money.
A few days after, a Domestic Machine Agent called at my place, and desired to leave one for trial, but when I stated that I had already ordered a "Blade" he expressed his regret and, manifes ed a good deal of sympathy for me, stating that the "Blade" was worthless, if I got one which he seemed to doubt.
Time is a number of my neighbors thought I was foolish to pay my money for a useless machine, and that the "Blade" had made an assignment, etc. etc.
Now this set me to thinking, especially as my machine did not arrive as I expected; so, being in Toledo again, I determined to satisfy myself about it, and sought out your factory, where the machines were supposed to be made. Having stated my case, I was courteously invited to witness the process of manufacture and the operation of the machines. Saw one of yours tried and tested with one of another make. Sat down and operated it myself and satisfied myself that I had not been deceived, and came away feeling much better, as I had the promise that on the following Saturday, a machine would be shipped to me.
Well, we have had it more than a week, have tried it thoroughly subjecting it to every test we could think of, and we are well pleased and satisfied.
Some parties who condemn the machine without seeing it, and whose opposition to it doubtless arose principally from the fact that it was gotten up by the "Blade" Company, confess their astonishment and admiration when seeing its operation, and beholding its beauty.
And you may expect a number of orders from this vicinity, as I shall continue to sound its praise, and exhibit its performance all I can.
Respectfully,
G. W. WAGONER.
SIBLEY SPRINGS, TENNAY, M. 26, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The two machines were ordered for two of our best lady customers who had determined to buy machines of some other make, never having seen yours. Not the slightest "annoyance" has been reported. They give unbounded satisfaction.
Yours truly,
J. C. ABERNATHY & SON.
CORTLAND, W. VA., June 12, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The "Blade" Sewing Machine is the best we have ever used. We have had four different kinds of machines, but yours is the best. It runs the lightest, make the least noise, and does its work in the most complete of any machine I ever saw. We were offered the new Singer, "brand new," for the "Blade" Machine, but we would not begin to trade. Success to the Blade" Machine.
Yours truly,
W. P. ASH.

LIST OF ATTACHMENTS:

The following articles are furnished FREE with each BLADE SEWING MACHINE: One dozen assorted needles, six bobbins, one gauge, one gauge screw, one quilter, one oil can, filled with oil, one foot hemmer, which is also a feller, two screw drivers, one for the machine and one for the shuttle, one thread cutter, one instruction book, very explicit and well illustrated, by which any one that can read may readily learn to operate the BLADE MACHINE without any other instruction; one velvet lined box containing the following extra attachments—one tuck marker, one ruffler, four sizes plate hemmers and one binder, and now each machine is accompanied with a regular warranty from the BLADE COMPANY for THREE YEARS.

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted and the Weekly Blade, one year,

FOR

ONLY $18.00.

Machines will be shipped by freight or express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, as they go about as safely, and at one-third the cost.

FAIR NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS WHO HAVE THE OLD STYLES BLADE MACHINES.—We will say that to rebuild your machine, alter it to the present style, put on all the improvements, change needles and refit attachments will cost us in cash several dollars, yet, as a favor to you, we will, for only THREE DOLLARS, put on the new face plate, put in the new needle bar, new needles, new lifter, new thread guide, new presser foot, new lined shuttle carrier and new shuttle, and refit the attachments, provided you send the machines to us freight prepaid. Send the head only—take it off the table, box it up carefully; send the tucker, ruffler and needles. Put card or letter in the box, with your name and shipping address, and don't fail to prepay the freight. We will alter the machine, on its receipt with the $3.00, and return it as soon as possible, make sales from it, and if you will be good to own it, and pleased to work with it. Don't trade it off or sell it aside because you don't understand it, but send it to us with the $3.00, have it cleaned up, the improvements put on it, and get practically a new machine.

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Where Experience is Needed.

Druggist—Yes, I want a prescription clerk. Have you a diploma?

Applicant—Not exactly, sir, but——.

Druggist—Can you run a soda fountain?

Applicant—Not very well, sir, but I can learn.

Druggist—No. I guess you won't do. I might let you practice putting up prescriptions, but I can't afford to risk an inexperienced hand at the soda fountain.—Ex.

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Too funny for anything. 14 spirited pictures showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 10c. Address F. B. Teel, Thompsonville, N. Y.

The Garden Spot of the World is the Platte purchase, and Atchison County is its best County. I have the best body of land in it for sale cheap (320 a). Address John W. Raines, Rock Port, Atchison County, Missouri.

**LIVE A

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL HARRISON.

"The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city."

Who, among my readers, have ever sailed over Lake Erie's sunlit waters into the placid bay where scores of islands rise up, green-robed and beautiful, bringing visions of bright Araby the blest to one weary of the city's noise and glare; its never ceasing ebbing and flowing of restless life; its resistless demands upon the energies, wearing the strength of the strongest away, unless relief comes through the rest and peace of just such scenes as this I speak of, where the outside world seems shut away and almost a dream? Those of you who have followed the "path invisible" thither know how wondrously lovely is historic Put-in Bay and its treasure-trove of islands.

One of these Islands stretches its "slow length along" for several miles through the waters, bearing the

SOUBRIQUET OF MIDDLE BASS,

a name not melodious, surely, but decidedly suggestive to the followers of Izaak Walton. Upon its western end, and seeming to rise, like "a city of the sea," out of the waves, are the Club House and cluster of pretty cottages belonging to what is known as the Lake Erie Boating and Fishing association, an organization containing two hundred members, who, with their families, make this a summer resort for pleasure and for recreation. Only the echoes from the world at large can come to this lovely place, for none are allowed to land except those who are fortunate enough to receive an open sesame in the shape of an invitation from some member.

Favored mortal was I to be able to sail boldly away one glorious day recently, with this Araby for my objective point. Down the Maumee whose waters rippled in the sunlight, past the wharves, where throngs of busy workmen told the story of

MRS. BENJ. HARRISON.

a city's growth and progress, through the spanning bridges, which bind the severed banks together, down into the pretty bay that the river's shores, receding each from the other, have formed, on and on out into the broadening lake, ruffled somewhat by the winds that had swept down from the North, and yet only enough to give a gentle, rocking motion to the boat that made one feel really cradled upon the bosom of the deep—this was the experience of that pleasant morning.

It was not a new one to me. Often and often had I followed the same "path invisible" before, always with enjoyment, but this time there was an added zest, a flavor of anticipation, a spice of excitement which tinged the thought with keener pleasure. You will understand why this was so, when I tell you that I hoped to see the lady whom we all—good Republicans every one of us—expect will be the next

MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE,

for Mrs. Harrison, with her husband and some friends, is enjoying an outing at the Island, to give the General a chance to regain his breath after the exhausting series of speeches that the thronging and enthusiastic delegations have made necessary ever since his nomination. It was a happy thought, that of coming down to this secluded spot in Lake Erie, where neither friendly deputations nor prospective hungry office-seekers can molest or annoy. Possibly he may here gather strength to tide him over to the fateful November, and through the shoals which will be sure to rise in his pathway after his election.

A PLEASANT VISIT.

Well, I saw Mrs. Harrison, and what was far more to my pleasure, had a delightful morning's visit with her in the charming cottage which is, for the hour, her home. Here the woman as she is, appeared, and I trust I shall not be held to have violated any law of hospitality if I give the hundreds of thousands of the women of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD my own impressions of her person and character. We are, each and every one, interested in her because—an all goes well—she will represent us before the world. The wife of the President does not belong to herself as does any other woman in the land, for she typifies in character and action American womanhood. Any act which sullies her purity, lowers her dignity, or impugns her honor is reflected back upon those at whose head she stands the first, the very first lady of the land

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

Everybody has, hidden away in the consciousness somewhere, an ideal woman. These ideals differ as do the flowers of the field, but each is preeminent in certain characteristics that are supposed to make up perfection. They are the measure by which we judge of the fitness of those who are called to fill exalted places, yet, strange as it may seem, the verdict of the past has shown that there are certain requisites which, widely varied as these ideals may be in other respects, the mass of women agree upon as essential.

Do I believe Mrs. Harrison possesses these essentials? you are all eagerly asking. Read on and see, but before proceeding, I want to interpolate an expression of sympathy for people who are suddenly forced out of private life which will not let the most trifling act of daily living pass unnoticed. It is true that they need not accept this position, as many are ready to exclaim, but what becomes then of the much urged sentiment of the duty of obedience to the voice of the people, which demands of them a sacrifice for the public good?

THE FIRST GLIMPSE.

My first glimpse of Mrs. Harrison was obtained while engaged in the very prosaic business of eating my dinner. Even the expected sight of celebrities does not seem to take away the appetite, I have noticed.

"There she is!" a friend said in my ear, and turning my head slightly, I saw the individual who is to me, more interesting—begging General Harrison's pardon—than the Presidential candidate himself.

And what did I see? A woman of middle age, of medium height, with a plump, well-rounded figure; a finely poised head, crowned with masses of dark hair sprinkled with gray, worn coiled low upon the back of her head, and in clustering rings across her forehead; a fair, sweet, and yet strong face, lit up with pleasant dark eyes; a firm well-set mouth—this was the picture that appeared to me, as I watched her quiet progress across the room to the table at which her husband had preceded her some fifteen minutes previously.

How was she dressed? So plainly and unobtrusively that I have hardly a memory of a single detail. She wore, I think, some sort of brown cloth dress, prettily made, and just such as any sensible woman would wear at such a place, whose object was comfort and not show. At least, this was the garb in which she appeared an hour or two later, when I saw her upon the pretty steam yacht, the Winnifred, that at the behest of her owner, a Cleveland gentleman, was bearing a happy party over the tranquil waters, across to the Canadian shore.

Is Mrs. Harrison handsome? some of you to whom beauty is all-important, are asking. As the world goes, perhaps not. And yet, watching her face in repose, with its restful expression of serene content, of womanly sweetness, and at the same time, of womanly strength, then later on, when it was lit up in conversation, and different phases of sentiment and opinion played over it changefully, I thought I had rarely seen one more winning—certainly none to whom I would sooner trust as an index of a true womanhood.

HER EARLY LIFE.

Mrs. Harrison does not like to talk about into the glare of American publicity, herself, and it was from her friends that I gleaned most of what I shall tell you in regard to her earlier and later life. Her name was Carrie L. Scott, and she was the daughter of Dr. John W. Scott, who was at the head of an academy for young ladies in Oxford, Ohio, the town overlooked by Miami University, where young Ben Harrison was a promising student. I can readily imagine that she was an exceedingly attractive young girl, as she is woman—quick, bright, witty, and entering with zest into the enjoyments which could not fail to multiply where so many young men and maidens were congregated. She won the love of the young student, who wooed and won her love in return, and she promised to become his wife. The confidence which they both had in his ability to carve out a future is evident from the fact that he was but eighteen and absolutely without money or means of support, except what might come by his quick brain and ready hands. They were married in 1853, and thus began their happy life together.

It does not come within my purpose to follow them through those early years of struggle up to the prosperous present, when Gen. Harrison stands the chosen Presidential candidate of the great Republican party, and his wife, still by his side where she has always stood, the one to whom the women of the nation are looking as their probable representative. It is enough to say that I have learned about her what should be an inspiration for all of us to true womanly living.

THEIR HOME LIFE.

I am sure you will want to know, as I did, something about the home-life of the Harrisons, that is, as it was before his nomination, for they have known very little of home quiet since that time. Only think of it! The constant tramp, tramp of the eager throng through the house has made a well-worn path across their carpets, and every picket has been carried away as souvenirs from the fence surrounding the mansion! What do you thing of that, ye careful housekeepers and lovers of home? Lofty places have their inconveniences as well as their pleasures, but the quiet smile upon Mrs. Harrison's face, as she heard these things mentioned in her presence, showed that she did not mean to be disturbed by such evidences of enthusiasm for her husband, vandalism though some of it might be. But to return.

None would need to ask if Mrs. Harrison is a happy woman, who look into her face or hear the tones of her voice as she speaks, even incidentally, of her husband and children. They are not people of fashion or addicted to display, but live in a generous and substantial way, oft on hospitable thoughts intent, but never absorbed in society or its exactions. In speaking of the culture of the women of her own city, Indianapolis, I found that Mrs. Harrison was an active and interested member of the

CATHERINE MERRILL LITERARY CLUB,

which meets fortnightly under the supervision of the lady from whom it takes its name, a successful teacher in former years, of whom she spoke in terms of the warmest appreciation.

In further conversation I learned that Mrs. Harrison had been for 25 years one of the members of the Board of Managers of the Orphan Asylum in Indianapolis, and for several years its secretary. It is a large and flourishing institution, that involves no little work and responsibility.

"No indeed," she said in reply to some words of mine, "I have little time for a society life, for with my home duties, and this necessary outside work, with my study and painting—I do a little work of that kind—the days pass away rapidly. And then we have this dear little fellow, my daughter's son," showing me his picture, "to take every leisure moment. I do not know what his grandfather and I would do without him in our home."

THE HARRISON CHILDREN.

Right here let me say that General and Mrs. Harrison have a son and a daughter, both married, the former to a daughter of Senator Saunders, of New York, and the latter to a gentleman of her native city. The son, who, I am told, strongly resembles his father in character, is making a home for himself in Montana. The idolized daughter, a charming woman, with her husband and children, still remains with her worshipping parents in her childhood's home, and it was of her little boy that Mrs. Harrison spoke so fondly. The second child was born since the nomination, being now but six weeks old.

I have not a great deal more to tell you about this bright, gifted woman, who we trust, is the future mistress of the White House. Only this, which I am sure will interest you all: I learned from a valued friend, who, with her husband, is with them at Middle Bass, and who is familiar with the Harrison home life, that she is a most accomplished housekeeper, being both systematic and economical, and, in these respects, an admirable example to follow. And the same hands that can, if need be, do the homely duties that belong to every home, often wield the brush of the painter, and her work evinces the talent of the true artist. She is fond of embroidery, too, her deft fingers being thus employed during a part of my morning's visit in her pretty cottage home.

IT WILL MAKE NO CHANGE.

Will Mrs. Harrison's elevation make any change in her character? Most emphatically, I answer no. Could you cast a ballot, you might throw it fearlessly for her, sure that she will remain the same sweet, dignified, unassuming woman that she is to-day, one who will honor any position, but who has no position can honor. And whether the wife of the President, or presiding over her more quiet but refined home in Indianapolis, she will find her greatest happiness in ministering to that of her husband who, in the truest sense of the word, is one with her, and to that of the children and little ones to whom she is so devoted. A Christian by profession and in action, as is her husband, she is one to whom the women of these United States may trust their honor, sure that it will be kept unspotted.

And what of General Harrison? This is a paper for women about a woman, into which he enters only incidentally. Yet I will say this: Looking into his face, no one of you would need to be told that he is absolutely a *clean* man; that to a fine intellect, sound judgment and the sagacity of a statesman, he adds a morality which is incorruptible. You would feel, too, with me, that no better man could be chosen to guard the interests of American homes and American people.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

DAISY APRON—MATERIALS.—One yard of dotted white mull, (the dots to be as large as a silver three-cent piece), 10 skeins of yellow filling silk, 4 skeins of brown filling silk; ¼ yard of plain white mull, 4½ yards of yellow satin ribbon, No. 9.

Commence at the second row of dots from the bottom, and work large yellow daisies (in long buttonhole stitch) from every other dot, leaving the dot for a center. Work four rows of daisies across the bottom. Make French knots of the brown silk for the centers. Face the bottom and sides with plain mull. Cut off enough rib bon for the belt. Turn down the apron at top and put in the ribbon, hemming the mull down. Draw up the ribbon, so that the apron will hang prettily, fastening both ends, using the remaining length of ribbon for belt on the back. Make a pretty bow of the ribbon left, and fasten on the right side of belt.

GINGHAM APRON.—Buy 2½ yards of blue and white (even check) gingham, and make apron 36 inches long, allowing two inches for hem. Work above them in cross stitch, with No. 8, 3-thread, white cotton yarn, any pretty vine. (The Roman key is pretty.) On each pocket and end of string work some design.

Green and white gingham worked in red is very pretty.

ART NOTES.—Complexion for a blonde. White, raw umber, yellow ocher, vermilion, madder lake, a little cobalt and a little ivory black. In the shadows add a little light red. In mixing, take as much white as is required, add poppy oil and siccatif de Courtray (one drop to five of oil), then add a very little of each color until the required depth is obtained. For dark complexions add light red to the above, and Indian red and burnt sienna.

For dark brown hair use bove brown, ivory black, burnt sienna and white.

For golden hair use raw umber, yellow ocher, white, ivory black, and but sienna. A little permanent blue is added to the half tints.

Purple clematis. Use madder lake, permanent blue or cobalt, with white, raw umber, yellow ocher, a little ivory black and burnt sienna. The yellow centres are made with orange cadmium, raw umber, burnt sienna and black, also white where needed. For the leaves use Antwerp blue, burnt sienna, cadmium, raw umber, ivory black and madder lake. Schonfeldt's cadmiums are quite as good as Winser & Newton's, and cost a little over half as much.

Scarlet and Pink Poppies. Use madder lake and vermilion, and in the shadows add raw umber, ivory black and a little cobalt. The pink flowers are painted with madder lake, vermilion, yellow ocher, with white, and a little raw umber, black, and burnt sienna in the shadows. For the leaves use, Zenober green, Antwerp blue, raw umber, ivory black, burnt sienna, madder lake, cadmium with white. In painting flowers and leaves at least four shades are required, and some require more. In painting all white flowers add a very little yellow to take off the crudeness and a little black for the shadows.

A good back ground for purple clematis is a shaded yellow, to a warm brown. For the lighter tints use light cadmium, with white, raw umber, ivory black and light red. For the darker shades use orange cadmium, madder lake, bone brown, burnt sienna, a little permanent blue, and ivory black. This back ground is good for any blue or purple flowers.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; o ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DIAGONAL LACE.—Cast on 17 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 1 (o—n—k 2) 3 times o—3 times k 3; 2nd row—k 4—purl 1—k 15; 3rd row—s 1—k 2 (o—n—k 2) twice—o—n—k 7; 4th row—plain; 5th row—s 1—k 3 (o—n—k 2) twice o—n—k 6; 6th row—plain; 7th row—s 1—k 4 (o—n—k 2) twice—o—n—k 5; 8th row—bind off 3—k 16. Lady Friedet will no fancy work will please tell how they do it and what success with this pattern.—ROSE BUD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM OREGON.—Thinking there are some persons like myself, desiring information about this country, I will state a few facts from my own experience. We suffered with Minnesota winters for eight years. Finding it required all we could save to pay fuel bills, carry us through the winter, and desiring to come to Oregon, we sent letters of inquiry to different parties, who in turn handed them to real estate dealers. They sent glowing accounts of the land they had for sale, but no definite information was to be had. As our means were limited, we could not spend money in hunting a locality, but my husband, being a farmer, knew mine was no to a commander of a post, and upon his recommendation we resolved to come here. He, holding excellent recommendations from past employers, concluded we could not starve in a land of such abundance. Of the journey, how can I describe it? If you enjoy it as we did the blues will vanish.

Here let me say, wear your old clothes. No matter how fine you look on leaving, a day's journey will spoil it. Bring plenty of wraps, you will need them; and also provisions. We laid in a supply sufficient, as we supposed, for five days; but having nothing else important on hand, provisions rapidly disappear. It is cheaper to cook them at home than to buy. Bring your own tea or coffee; the conveniences are excellent for boiling over the fires.

Of this lovely climate I can find no words adequate to express. The thermometer has not been over 85, then only for four days, and about 5 o'clock making a quilt for a covering necessary and sleep very refreshing.

We have had no storms of violence. The rain comes down very gently in showers; no thunder or lightning. Vegetables richer than farther east, especially eggs and butter; but such an abundance of fruit and so cheap! You cannot realize it unless it is seen. We found employment scarce as all trades were well represented, but with a little money a living is easily secured.

There are no potato bugs, nor cabbage worms to fight as we had to East. Everything is easily raised and excellent flavor. Do not sell everything of household effects, as carpets and bedding are high here, and by sending by freight the expense is not heavy. Expect some hardships until you get a foothold. We are living in a furnished room. I have an oil stove which does our cooking. We buy our bread, and the Chinaman does our washing very cheap. I do the ironing. Our health is excellent, and I am trying to save and get a little home somewhere in this lovely Williamette valley.

Let me digress and say there is a matter I am surprised that so few think about—It is the careless handling of matches by children. They are left within their reach, as many mothers have found to their sorrow. How careless many are about lighting pipes, dropping matches in hay, and destroying barns and other valuable property. Hope this will cause mothers to put them out of the reach of little ones.—EMELINE B., Albany, Oregon.

SCANDAL, GOSSIP AND OTHER THINGS.—Scandal is the least excusable of all conversational vulgarities. Envy prompts the tongue of the slanderer. A writer on this subject says: "Gossip is a troublesome sort of insect that only buzzes about your ears and never bites deep. Slander is the beast of prey that leaps upon you from its den, and tears you in pieces. Slander is the proper object of rage; gossip of contempt." Those who best understand the nature of gossip and slander, if the victim of both, will take no notice of the former, but will allow no slander of themselves to go unrefuted during their lifetime, to spring up in a hydra-headed attack upon their children. No woman can be too sensitive as to any charges affecting her moral character, whether in influence of her companionship, or in the influence of her writings. We mothers that wish to do right and train our children, and who would be loved and admired by all, would not indulge in this most contemptible thing, "gossip."

I will give a few receipts to the readers:

The use of hair oils.—Do not plaster the hair with oil or pomatum. A white, concrete oil pertains naturally to the covering of the human head, but some persons have it in more abundance than others. Those whose hair is glossy and shining need nothing to render it so, but when the hair is harsh, poor and dry, artificial lubrication is necessary. Persons who perspire freely, or who accumulate scurf rapidly, require it also; nothing is simpler or better in the way of oil than pure, unscented salad oil, and in the way of a pomatum beef grease is as pleasant as anything. Apply either with hands, or keep a soft brush for the purpose, but take care not to use the oil too freely. An overoiled head is vulgar and offensive, so are scents of any kind in oil applied to the hair. It is well also to keep a piece of flannel with which to rub the hair at night after brushing it, in order to remove the oil before laying the head upon the pillow.

Vinegar and water form a good wash for the roots of the hair.

Ammonia diluted in water is still better. The hair brush should be frequently washed in diluted ammonia.

Care of Cake.—Put freshly baked cake away as soon as cold in a closely covered cake box. Set a pan of water in the oven with the cake when baking, and it will seldom scorch. Two apples kept in the cake box will keep moderately rich cake moist for a great length of time, if the apples are renewed, when withered.

Paper treated with a mixture of camphor oil and linseed oil becomes waterproof.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy action and thy conversation, sympathize with men of low estate, aid the distressed and show consideration to the neglected. Be great.—MRS. N. A. FIELD.

INQUIRIES.

1. On what finger should an engagement ring be worn? 2. If a gentleman takes a young lady to a public gathering should she invite him to return if she desires his company further?—BUCKEYE BOY.

2. What is a sure way of getting rid of roaches? I have tried turpentine and insect powder but to no avail. 2. What is the best way of keeping celery through the winter?—MRS. A. C.

Is the Russian mulberry hardy as far north as Albany county, New York? Is its fruit desirable as food?—M. H. T.

Will some one please tell through the BLADE how to crystalize ferns? Also how to make a bower for decoration at evening entertainments?—SUBSCRIBER.

I have stomach trouble and would like to try milk weed, if some one will tell me how to prepare and use it.—C.

Will same one tell me what will remove mold from my cellar. Every thing spoils I put in it. I burn sulphur there and sweep out once a week, but it seems to have no effect. Also what will prevent canned fruit from molding. Where can I obtain a missionary book entitled "The Golden Sheaf?"—I. H. D.

I wish to ask through the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE if the person that signs her name Montana May would please send her full address to ROWENA E. HOVENDEN, Etna Mills, Siskiyou county, California.

Will Montana May please give hints for landscape painting? We have so many directions for flower painting, but hardly ever see anything on landscape painting? Would particularly like directions for painting the foliage on trees in the foreground. Will some one give directions for diamond insertion in crochet? Would like a recipe for candying citron, one that will keep it good the year round.—MRS. L. E. ESMAY, Parkston, D. T.

Will MRS. W. H. Pepper, the lady who sent the pie melon seed, tell us when they are fit for use?—MRS. W. H. ALEXANDER.

Will a young lady 18 years old, who would like to correspond with an Eastern girl, please send her address (one living in Kansas) to Miss Anna M. Brandt, Argyle, Wash. county, N. Y.

Will some one tell us how to get rid of fleas? We have tried pennyroyal, insect powder, turpentine and kerosene, but the fleas seem to get worse all the time.—J. R. H.

Has any one copies of the old song books "Golden Chain and Golden Shower," either bound together or separately. I have tried at different publishing houses to obtain them, but as they are out of print failed to do so. I will gladly pay what the books may be worth, as I am very anxious to possess them.—MRS. A.S. KNOWLTON, Seney, Iowa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. M. L. B.—To keep dandruff off your baby's head, grease with chicken oil or fresh unsalted butter, when you can remove by combing (gently, of course, so as not to injure the head).—Mrs. W. M. G., Greeley, Colo.

I would like to answer an inquiry I saw some time ago of what shall I do to destroy currant worms. My remedy is strong alum water. It has proved effectual. Be sure and sprinkle the under side of the leaves.—H. E BABCOCK, Jones, Mich.

I have been waiting to hear something about those eggs in salt and lime. I would say I tried it with good success. Put them in the 1st of July; I stirred them up carefully once a month, used the last the middle of April. When broken together in a dish with fresh eggs, I could not tell them apart. Think it the best way I ever tried to keep eggs. Shall try it again this year. —Mrs. P. SHERNIAN, Red Wing, Minn.

"Mrs. A. L. L.," I think what caused your chicks to go blind is called "roup." However, I have had considerable experience with the same trouble. Not so much this season as last, for I think I have learned better how to manage them. I, like you, at first thought it was caused by "lice," and for that purpose put in pure lard and rubbed on their heads and under the wings will rid the chicks of the pests. Also it is well to rub some under the wings of mother hen after taking from nest. The same preparation is all I use on their eyes after they begin to swell. It keeps them moist, and they soon recover. I think the cause was a cold. My losses usually are worse in damp, cold weather. Several parties told me to put carbolic acid in water and let them drink of it. Knowing the same to be very poisonous, I was afraid for a long time to try the remedy. At length I came to the conclusion that they might as well die of that cause as any other. So I put a few drops of carbolic acid in the trough and let the fowls drink, and let them drink when they please—for a few days only. The result is, I have not seen a chicken or turkey troubled that way since, and the sick got better very soon by keeping their eyes anointed with grease so they could see to drink. I also use the sour milk and Venetian red that the lady recommended in the BLADE, and find it specially good for bowel complaint in fowls.—Mrs. N. G. C.

"Subscriber M. A."—Probably the fault with your canned corn is in not being boiled long enough. Five hours is the time for boiling in glass quart cans. Try the following this season: Cut the raw corn from the cob, scraping the cob to extract all the sweetness therefrom. Pack into glass jars to within an inch and a half of the top, pressing it down tightly with a maul the proper size for the jars. Put on the rubber rings and screw the tops partly on, leaving for the air to escape. Put pieces of cloth or straw, bits of wood, etc., if you have not an igner false bottom perforated for the purpose.

To keep cans from breaking with the heat, put the jars in, fill the boiler with cold water to within two inches of the top of the jars. Cut more corn than will fill the jars. Put some in a small covered vessel and place it on top of the jars. Let it boil no less than five hours, then while at the boiling point remove covers from cans one at a time, and fill in with extra corn. Then turn the tops down, lift from the boiler and let cool. As the cans cool keep tightening the tops until they are perfectly tight and the corn cool, then set away in a cool, dark place. It is better to always wrap glass jars in thick dark paper to exclude all light. Corn may be canned by this recipe, using tin cans if preferred, always taking care to see that the cans are kept sealed while cooling. There is not much danger of sealing breaking afterwards.—N. G. L.

RECIPES.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To make raspberry jam, weigh equal proportions of fruit and sugar, put the fruit in a preserving kettle, with a little currant juice, 1 pint to 6 quarts of berries, mash the berries as they cook, using a silver or wooden spoon. Let it cook well before adding the sugar, after which boil 10 or 15 minutes.

JELLY FOR CAKE.—A nice jelly for cakes or floating islands may be made very quickly from gelatine and claret. Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water until it is dissolved. Put it on to boil, and add a pint of claret, a half pint of current jelly, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar, and stir until all is dissolved. Stir in the whites of three eggs beaten very light, and continue boiling for two minutes. After taking from the fire let it stand about three minutes and pass through a bag. It should be perfectly clear and of a fine red.

POTTED MEAT.—Take any cold meat that may be handy and chop it fine, adding butter if the meat be very lean, and also some cold ham; put into a bowl with nutmegs, mace, cloves and cinnamon and a little bit of chopped lemon, pound it very fine and press into jars, then cover with melted butter that has been clarified, and set in a cool cellar.

VANILLA BISCUIT.—Mix ¼ lb. butter with ¼ lb. sugar; add ¼ lb. flour and 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, ¼ lb currants and several drops of vanilla essence; roll it out, then cut in shapes and bake in a floured tin.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with thin slices of pineapple. Strew with powdered sugar, place over a layer of pineapple, and so on until the dish is full; pour over 1 cupful water, and cover with slices of sponge of cup cake wet in cold water; cover and bake slowly two hours.

TEA BUNS.—Three cups of new milk, one-half cup of good yeast to make a sponge; when light add three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard and a pinch of salt. Knead well; when very light roll out till nearly an inch thick, spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, roll up like jelly cake, having the roll about three inches in diameter; cut from this slices one and one-half inch thick, place in bake pan like biscuit (allowing room to rise); when very light bake.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RUNDELLS, PA.	Mertie I Morris
Ray Rogers	Herbert Morris
Roy Rogers	Jennie L Rundle
Johnnie Morris	Myra A Rundle
Albert J Carr	Edna F Rundle
Iva M Rogers	Hattie Rogers
Forrest Fuller	Florence Rogers
Fenn Cooper	Frank Rockwell
Cora Cooper	Maud Brown
Myrta Anderson	Lena Anderson
Nina Rockwell	Earl Rogers
Anna H Carr	Fred Van Dyke
Bertha Carr	Hattie Decker
Mark Marrow	HARLAN, KAN.
Meigs Frazier	Royal Hammond
Ford Anderson	Lenna Hammond
Ida Morrow	Josie Davis
Clyde Anderson	Elmer Hammond
Pearl Cooper	Charley B Slater
Kittie Brown	Royal H Galloway
Belle Hopkins	Charles Dunn

Names this week, 40. Total 24,060.

The above embraces all names received up to August 30.

TOMMY'S CIRCUS.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

I.

O auntie, listen and let me explain,
All about my birthday party!
The boys were 'vited to dress just plain,
And then we could play real hearty.
For you can't have fun in your Sunday clo'es;
You're 'fraid to dig or to climb,
And what's the reason nobody knows,
But you spoil 'em every time.

II.

We had a circus out in the shed—
My! but wasn't it funny?
With poppy tickets purple and red,
And marigolds for the money.
The music band wore paper caps,
Oh, they were ever so fine,
With a tin-pan drum on 'sponderstraps,
And bugles o' punkin vine.

III.

We built a cage for the yellow hen,
And that was a Cassowary;
We covered the sawdust nice, and then
We called it a Drummydary;
Rover, he was the lion, you know;
We made his cage of chairs,
And the pig-pen's built of poles, and so
The pigs were Polar Bears.

IV.

We made a Zebray out of my calf
'Most like the one in the picture,
And I really think you'd have had to laugh
To see our Bowie Constricture:
And, auntie, I tell you it flattered me
When they chose me out for the clown:
But Jack was an Indian Chief, and he
Had a rooster-feathers crown.

V.

And Cowboy Joe had a broad-brimmed hat
And a rope and a case-knife dagger;
And I most forgot that the pussy-cat
Was a Royal Bengle Tagger;
And then there was Teddy, the baby, of course,
He wanted to be in the troupe,
So he rode around on his hobby-horse,
And jumped through a barrel-hoop.

IV.

So every one had a part in the show,
And nobody whined or grumbled:
And we cheered whenever they made it go,
And all the more when they tumbled.
We clapped our hands until they were red,
We laughed till the tears did run,
'Twas the biggest show of the season, we said;
My, but wasn't it fun!

VII.

And just as the tea-bell rang at the house
That comical, sly old Rover
Crept out of his cage as still as a mouse
And tipped our tent right over!
Then all of us laughed and scrambled and ran,
And played we we were scared as could be,
And shouted, "The hon! He'll eat every man!"
All the way in to tea.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CRIMSON SNOW.

BY S. L. YOUNG.

The white rays of the arctic moon fell upon a trackless plain of snow, the fir trees waved their hoary limbs like so many spectral shapes, and everything around the old farm-house of Stettin looked weird and ghostly in the intense stillness. Suddenly the sound of sleigh bells struck the ear, and a pulkha drawn by four reindeer came up to the door. A gentleman dressed in furs stood on the threshold, holding out his hand to a young lady who was so muffled in wraps that her face was wholly invisible.

"Don't go, Mr. Jansen—don't go out in this terrible cold," pleaded a lovely girl.

"Erie, my boy," said an old man, scanning the heavens anxiously, "I wish you would be persuaded to stay. I don't half like the looks of those clouds."

He shook his head to both pleas. "I am sorry, sir, but I must go; my mother will be anxious."

"Well, Ella, then; leave Ella till it is warmer."

"When will that be, Christine?" laughed Ella. "I am afraid Stettin would be tired of me before the three months were over."

"Ella shall do as she pleases," said her brother.

What she pleased was very evident, for she ran down the steps, and lightly jumped into the sleigh.

"Of course she will not stay," called a gay girl. "We know who is waiting for her at Kronenthal."

A general laugh followed, and Ella was thankful for the cloud of Shetland wool that hid her face.

Eric lifted Carl, the ten-year old brother, into the sleigh; then gathering up the reins, settled down in his own place, the bear-skins and wolf robes were spread over them and tucked in, and with a merry good-night to all, he gave a touch of the lash to the deer.

They shook their horns and bounded forward, the sleigh skating lightly over the frozen snow; the silver harness glittered in the bright moonshine, and the silver bells tinkled merrily in the night air.

Ella, with the little one, had been on a week's visit to her uncle in Stettin. Her brother had come to take her home, and though she was leaving a way party behind, she was nothing loath to return with him. A young Englishman, who had come to the old Norway fjords the summer before to fish for salmon, had himself been caught by the bright eyes of the pretty Norwegian maiden, and was even now on his way to claim his bride. This was the secret Eric whispered in her ear, and which made her so deaf to all entreaties to prolong her visit.

A violent storm had detained them two days, but at the first breaking away of the clouds Eric started, knowing the anxiety his mother would be in for their safety, and that Hugh Stanton, the English lover, was at this time at Kronenthal.

For some time they rode in silence. Not a sound was to be heard, not a creature to be seen; they seemed to be traversing a vast desert of snow. The moonlight reflected from the thousand points of ice sparkling like silver in its rays, was increased to an intensity of brightness that almost repelled the sight of one, while up in the heavens flashed the glorious northern lights, flickering, streaming like fiery banners across the sky, and lighting up the snow-banks with green, purple, red and gold.

Carl clapped his hands with delight, and then exclaimed, in a tone of terror,

"See, sister, see! the snow looks as if there was blood spilled on it."

"Yes," said Eric, as Ella drew the child closer to her; "our forefathers used to think that blood-red color meant death or misfortune for whoever saw it; and when I was a little boy, Carl, they used to tell me stories of the dreadful things that happened when it came, but now you know we have learned to believe in our Heavenly Father's care, and are not afraid of signs."

But the child still trembled. "Sister, I am afraid; I feel as if something was coming."

"Why, my little brother afraid, with brother Eric to take care of him!" And she held him close and wrapped him warm in her furs. "Shall I sing to you?"

And she sang a Sunday-school hymn, and then the old national song of the country.

"Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,
Strike for old Norway, the land of the free.
Each heart beats the loudest, each cheek glows
the proudest,
For Norway, the ancient, the throne of the
earth."

And the child slept. On, on they flew, past rocky valleys, all clad in bridal garments of snow; past deserted summer chalets, which mocked one with the human life that had been there; beneath black overhanging precipices, where no snow could find a lodgement; through pine woods, which shivered around them as if spirits were imprisoned therein and sighing to be loosed.

Suddenly Carl sprang up with a scream. "Didn't you hear it?"

"Hear what, my darling? You have been dreaming bad dreams."

"Have I?" said the child. Was that all? But it was awful." And his blue eyes had a look of terror, while a shudder shook his small frame.

"Carl must be a brave boy. There was nothing to hear save the crackling of the pine branches. There, don't you see?" as, with a sharp sound, one fell from the tree, broken by a sudden gust of wind that swept through the wood.

"It was not like that," said the child; "it sounded as if something was coming after us." And he drew a long sobbing breath, and clasped his arms tightly around Ella's neck, and said, "Sister, sing to me some more; sing about the Erl King."

"Oh, no, dear; not that one," she answered quickly.

"Yes," said he, with the persistency of childhood, "I want to hear that one."

So, controlling her voice as well as she could, she sang:

"Who rideth so late through the night wind
wild?
It is the father with his child.
He has the little one well in his arm;
He holdeth him safe, he holdeth him warm.

"'Why, son, why hidest thy face so shy?'
'Seest thou not, father, the Erl King nigh?—
The Erlen King, with train and crown?'
'It is a wreath mist, my son.'

"'My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl King whispers in my ear?'
'Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child;
Through withered leaves the wind howls wild.'

"'My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl King's daughters in yon dim spot?'
'My son, my son, I see and I know
'Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so.'

"'Oh, father, the Erl King now puts forth his
arm;
Oh, father, the Erl King has done me harm.'
He reaches his home with fear and dread,
And lo! in his arms the child was dead."

Absorbed in the song, Ella had not heeded a sound which came borne on the wind. She thought it was the fall of avalanches from the mountains; but as the last note died away it seemed to be brought back from the hills, and to fill the valley with the echo. She looked up at Eric, who with blanched face was listening intently.

"Oh, what is it, Eric?"

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered, and urged the deer forward with another touch of the lash.

"There it is again; it is no echo now," she said, as a deep prolonged sound rose, died away, and rose again.

"Is it—oh, Eric!—is it the wolves?"

"Cheer up!—be brave, Ella! They are a long way off, and please God, we'll get home first." But his face contradicted his cheerful words, and he twirled the long lash again. The maddened deer, hearing the ominous sound in the rear, needed no goad to spur them on, but rushed madly forward, while an unmistakable howl drove the blood from the occupants of the sleigh.

"There, sister, that is what I heard. I told you something was coming after us!" exclaimed Carl.

Ella was silent and only held him closer. Was it a dream, or had the child heard anything their ears had been unable to detect?

"It is the Erlen King, Eric; he has come for us."

"It is the Savior, my little brother, who will come for us. Ask the Christ-Child to help us to speed the deer and stay the wolves."

With the unquestioning faith of childhood Carl instantly obeyed.

"Why can't we take refuge in some of these chalets?" said Ella. "We could barricade the door and wait for help."

"It would be impossible. We could make no barricade they could not force. It would only be quicker death. No; our only chance is to trust to the deer."

"Ella covered her face with her hands. Was there no help? She looked around, above, beneath—nothing but snow and clouds and mountains. To her heart, however, a voice seemed to speak. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Yes, there was help from above. And her heart was moved.

Gently putting Carl out of her arms, she got out the rifle, which none in those countries ever travel without, and loading it, laid it ready for action. Eric, who dared not relax for an instant his iron grasp on the reins, smiled at her and said, "There's my brave girl!"

Holding on to the side of the pulkha, she raised herself on the seat and scoured the country over which they had come. On the brow of the hill they had just descended she saw a black moving mass defined against the sky.

"I see them, Eric; but they are a long way off."

"Then God help us!" said Eric; "they are surely gaining on us; the deer are doing their best."

On come the pack—twenty-five lean, hungry, howling creatures, panting for the blood of their victims. The nostrils of the deer are red as coals; they are making a supreme effort, but it cannot last long; they are spent and worn, while the wolves are fresh and wild with the pangs of hunger.

"How far, Eric," the girl whispered—"how far are we from home?"

"Too far—too far for there to be any chance of reaching it," he answered, with the calmness of despair.

He looked at his sister and the child that was lying across

DR. TALMAGE AT EAST HAMPTON.

Why Did God Let Sin Come Into the World?—No One Can Tell Until He Gets On the Other Side of the River of Death.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who spends a good part of his summer rest here, took for the subject of his vacation sermon of this date, "Plasters That Will Not Stick." His text was, "Miserable comforters are ye all."—Job xvi, 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. I see our first parents hold out crowned in Eden. they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—so many flower gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured out at the same time the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can raise a man as easily as He can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of toil and fret and fuss and fussel for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All I know is one great fact, and that is, that a herd of woes have come upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The grave yards in vast uniformity. Two thousand winters have made more seats than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of grave yards that have been lifted were put side by side you might step on them and on nothing else, and walk all around the world, and around again and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your friends who, while they wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of tongue, and with their words aided not Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after awhile. Silence! Do you expect with a thin coat plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word which means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen, and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooing. The surgeon comes in, and says: "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say: "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found your dear one in the cataleptic fit? Bring on those bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed!

Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who set merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher in all the medical school he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self-reliance, self-government, self-control," an iceberg reproving a hyncinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now waking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No, that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus, and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again I remark that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have no living hope to offer. Many are those that have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and the afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearses through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes. If there are men and women here who have old people in the house, or near at hand so that they can easily reach them, I congratulate them. Some of us have had trials in life, and, although we have had many friends around about us, we have wished that father and mother were still alive that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them; let them lean on your arm—these aged people. If, when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and you have to say it a second time, when you say it the second time do not say it sharply. If you do you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the winkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have so much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart.

People who have not had trials themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she knelt at the door and clapped her hands—the old figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no, you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to those who are bereft and distressed, and they can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is, that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me!" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune have come. Oh no. Do you not remember that passage of Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth? A child comes in with a very bad splinter in its hand, and you try to extract it. It is a very painful operation. The child draws back from you, but you persist. You are going to take that splinter out, so you take the child with a gentle but firm grasp; for although there may be pain in it, the splinter must come out. And it is love that dictates it and makes you persist. My friends, I really think that nearly all our sorrows in this world are only the hand of our Father extracting some thorn. If all these sorrows were sent by enemies I would say, arm yourselves against them; and, as in the tropical climes, when a tiger comes down from the mountains and carries off a child from the village, the neighbors band together and go into the forest and hunt the monster, so would have you, if I thought these misfortunes were sent by an enemy, go out and battle against them. But they come from a Father so kind, so loving, so gentle, that the prophet, speaking of his tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of a father, and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplished the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then bewearded workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken it would have said, "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said, "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" God says, "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more planes with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp, well-tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnace, and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged and say, "I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead!" Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with anybody who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe, and well strung instruments of music, and tapestried parlor, and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment. It is easy for him to be cheerful. But suppose his fortune goes to pieces, and his seemed to retain her memory to a marked degree. Though unable to state her age, she seemed to remember distinctly the circumstances of her father taking his flint and steel rifle from the walls of the old log cabin and going to battle for American independence.

HIGH LICENSE.

A Review of the Workings of the Law for One Year in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 30.—The *Pioneer Press* reviews the first year of high license in Minnesota and finds the system has proved all its friends claimed for it.

There are in the state only 1,597 saloons now as against 2,806 when the law went into effect. A decrease in the consumption of liquor is shown in nearly every county. Low groggeries have been closed up and the liquor business is under better police supervision.

Under the old system the average cost of a license was about $300, and the total approximate income was about $850,000. Under high license the average cost of permission to sell is about $650, and the total approximate income is about $1,100,000.

WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES—"Sarsaparilla," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," — "Hops" and "Buchu," — "Extract," — "Hair Tonic," "Liver Pills," — "Plasters," (Porous-Electrical), — "Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

A STRANGE INFATUATION.

An Old Man Made Poor by Taking Care of Stray Dogs.

WELLSVILLE, O., Aug. 30.—(Special)—William Smalley, an old and eccentric citizen, was taken to the county infirmary today. He had amassed considerable wealth at one time, but lost it all.

When the authorities attempted to enter his house, where for years he had lived alone, they were attacked by a number of dogs. They had great difficulty in getting Smalley away. Thirteen dogs of various kinds and sizes were found on the premises. Smalley had for five years taken care of all the stray dogs he could find.

They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed, "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so indelicate as to say three, for four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully apparreled; and the grave is only the place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought! I expect to see my kindred in heaven; I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home to-day. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the grave yard back of Somerville, and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China, and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will meet upon just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens and you say, "I have overslept and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was—good old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments, "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Rabshakeh—from the wall—"Come to Gog"! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition will be for man—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy. John Holland, when he was dying, said: "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he: "Welcome heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the throng. Hold ye with a firm grip now, no medicine to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave-digger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies roseate with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the flood.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

FIFTEEN DROWNED.

Nearly the Whole of a Ship's Crew Perish in the Deep.

ST. FLAVIE, Que., Aug. 29.—Saturday last the Brabberg, coal laden on her way from Sidney to Montreal, struck upon a rock at Cape Chatte and was considerably damaged. She was at once headed for the shore to keep her afloat, and went aground on Saturday night near St. Felicite, nine miles below Metane, from which place yesterday was wired Sunday to Quebec for assistance. Fearful storms prevailed Sunday night, and the captain was forced on Monday to abandon the vessel, taking off with him two lady passengers who were on board. The crew, composed of seventeen men, was left on board until Tuesday, when they commenced to feel danger, as the ship began to break up. They got off in two small boats, but shortly after they left the steamer both boats upset, and fifteen sailors out of seventeen were drowned. Twelve bodies have been recovered so far, and an inquest will be held.

VIOLENTLY INSANE.

Strange Actions of a Young Man in Chicago Railway Station.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—A young man sprang from a seat in the Dearborn street railway station at 10 o'clock last night, uttered a wild shriek, and jumped through the window, carrying away the sash, covering the walk with broken glass, cutting his face frightfully and sprinkling blood over the startled spectators. He scrambled to his feet and ran across the alley. Officers Buckley and Duffy gave chase and overhauled the fugitive on State street.

He sprang like a tiger at Officer Duffy, bit him savagely on the right hand, tore a generous chunk from the rear elevation of the doughty blue-coat's pantaloons, and with Herculean strength threw both officers down. Duffy and Buckley, when other officers arrived. It required the combined efforts of six officers to secure and land him in the patrol wagon. He gave the name of Louis Bock, said he resided in Portland, Minn., and that he was a farmer. Inquiry will be made this morning as to his sanity.

DIED OF OLD AGE.

A Woman Believed to Have Been More Than 106 Years Old.

GALVESTON, Tex., Aug. 30.—Mrs. Nancy Jones, widow of Shadrack Jones, and mother of Mrs. Barney Tiernan, of this city, died Tuesday night of extreme old age. Though her age was fixed at 106 years, it is probable that it it exceeded that by several years, and her familiarity with scenes and incidents dated back to the first years of the revolutionary war. The *News* published an interview with Mrs. Jones some four or five years ago, at which time, though much enfeebled from old age, she seemed to retain her memory to a marked degree. Though unable to state her age, she seemed to remember distinctly the circumstances of her father taking his flint and steel rifle from the walls of the old log cabin and going to battle for American independence.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Yellows in Peach Trees.

M. D. R., Putnam county, Ohio: We have never heard of any certain remedy for the disease in peach trees known as the yellows. It is said to bud the peach on plum stocks, makes a hardy tree, and the fruit is equal in all respects to that of the peach tree. We believe an appropriation has been made by Congress to be used in investigating the peach yellows, and ascertaining, if possible, a remedy.

To Restore Rancid Butter.

A. B. L., Illinois: Rancidity in butter is caused by the presence of butyric acid. It is said to wash rancid butter well with new, good milk, the acid in it will be neutralized. Then by washing off with cold spring water, the butter is as sweet as when first churned.

Four-Horse Evener.

We have received a letter from a town in Minnesota, the writer of which says he saw an advertisement in the BLADE for a four-horse evener, and as he has invented a three and four-horse evener, with "one horse in the furrow and three on land, all abreast," he would sell the right of any state, or as many as any one would want. In answer to this letter we say that what the gentleman saw was a request in the farm department of the BLADE for any one who knew how to make a good evener to give it free to the farmers. If the gentleman has a good thing it will pay him to advertise it in the BLADE. His letter is in the form of an advertisement, and cannot be inserted. In the interest of farmers, if any one has an evener, either three or four horses, that he is willing to give a description of free to farmers, we shall be pleased to publish it.

Bumblebees Fertilizing Clover—Setting Milk in the Old-Fashioned Milk Can.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some time ago J. D. Leisure stated in the farm column that "clover would become extinct if it was not for the bees." I would like to inquire where he gets his authority for that statement. I supposed the wind, as well as the bees, did much toward fertilizing that crop. And thus quite an argument for, I don't like to argue, but because I would like to know just how it is. I have read somewhere that bumblebees had been, or were to be, shipped to some foreign country to fertilize the clover there. Is that a bumblebee story for the "greenies," or may it be a fact?

Setting milk in the old-fashioned milkpan is nearly a thing of the past, but for convenience, for a short time last spring, we went back to the old method. We did not have so large a quantity of cream as when we set in cans, but for every two pounds of cream we obtained a little over one pound of butter. If I remember rightly that is about as much again butter as the same amount of can cream would give us. We are now selling our cream, so cannot tell which method would give the most butter from the same amount of milk. Will some one who has tested both ways thoroughly, give us their experience and oblige FARMERESSE, Wis.

[We have read an article that has gone the rounds of the agricultural press, in which it was claimed that some scientific gentleman in the West had given it as his opinion that without bumblebees to fertilize clover it would not seed out, and that it would eventually become extinct. We have not the matter of bumblebees had been purchased in America and sent to Australia to fertilize the clover. On the other hand we have seen it stated that clover will grow where bumblebees have never been seen. So you see that in this, as in many other things, there is a diversity of opinion. The question of "They do and they don't" gives a wide field for discussion. The matter of setting milk in the old fashioned milk-pan, which you speak of, is quite interesting. Experiments show that on an average one quart of good cream yields from 13 to 15 ounces of commercial butter. Milk that is carried does not throw up so much cream when set, as it would if placed in the milk house on the farm.—ED.

Wants to Know.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one tell me a remedy for my horse's lameness as he is troubled in that way in the country here. He is a valuable horse if cured. Is ten years old. Is all right during cold and wet weather, but in dry and warm weather is quite stiff and limps some times in right foot—worse after standing in stable. When standing will raise his heal, often throwing weight on his toe. This stiffness has come on him gradually for the last three years. —D. H. C., Althouse, Oregon.

Raising Hogs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one who has raised hogs successfully give his experience to a beginner.—W. K., Beulah, Ia.

To Keep Celery in the Winter—to Prevent Rust.

B. F. W., Manorville, (no state:)—You should have named the state in which you reside, as celery planting in the Northern states is done from about the middle of June to July 30, and in the Southern states from the middle of August to the end of September. In the Middle states, celery for winter storage should be dug up about the 15th to the 25th of November. It should always be taken up on dry days, and the soil in which it is placed should be as dry as possible. Dig a trench ten inches in width, and the depth should be the same as the length of the celery. Put the celery in the trench as near perpendicular as possible, so as to fill it up entirely, its green tops to be on a level with the top of the trench. In his work "Gardening for Profit," Mr. Peter Henderson says: "No earth whatever is put to the roots other than what may adhere to them after being dug up. It being closely packed together, there is moisture enough always at the bottom of the trench to keep this plant, so easily preserved the year, from wilting, and also to induce it to form new white roots, which must be formed before the celery will blanch. That which is put in trenches about the 25th of October is usually ready to be taken up for use about the 1st of December; that a couple of weeks later, by the 1st of January; and the last (which we try always to defer to the 15th or 20th of November) may be used during the winter and until the 1st of April. For the first lot no covering is required, but that for use during the winter months must be gradually covered up until the mild days of December or the 1st of January, when it will require at least a foot of covering of some light, dry material—hay, straw or leaves—the latter perhaps the best. I have said the covering up should be gradual. This is very important; for if the full weight of covering is put on at once it prevents the passing of the heat generated by the closely packed mass of celery, and in consequence it to some extent heats, and decay takes place. Covered up in this way it can be got out with ease during the coldest weather in winter, and with perfect safety. These dates of operations, like all others named throughout this work, are for this latitude; the cultivator must use his judgment carefully in this matter, to suit the section in which he is located.

For market gardeners, and others who have large quantities, this is the best method of storing; but for smaller growers, either for sale or private use, quite a quantity may be preserved in any cellar where there is no furnace or other fire heat. When a few hundred roots only are to be stored it can be placed in narrow boxes, say nine inches wide, four or six feet in length, and of a depth a little less than the height of the celery. A few inches of sand or soil is placed on the bottom of the box, but none must be put between the stalks of the celery, and the celery is packed in the box upright, the roots being placed on the sand at the bottom; the celery must be packed in as tight as possible, but without bruising. Boxes thus packed and put in the cool floor of the cellar, if put away in November, will be "blanched" and fit for use during January, February and March. If put in sooner than November, it will blanch earlier, and if stored later it will keep later. If larger quantities are to be kept in the cellar, the cheapest practicable way to do so is to begin at one side next to the wall, furtherest from the entrance, and erect boards across the cellar nine inches from the wall, and of a height a little less than the length of the celery—that is, if the celery is 24 inches in length, the boarding may be eighteen or twenty inches high. In this narrow division, the celery is packed in upright, as above described for packing in boxes. As soon as the first tier is filled, erect another board trench or division at nine inches distant from the first, and so on until the whole space to be used is filled up. It will be understood that no sand or soil is packed between the stalks of celery, only two or three inches being strewn on the floor, on which the roots are placed. Simultaneously with the formation of the white rootlets, the blanching process begins, which is simply the plant making an effort to grow in the dark, and thus becoming blanched or whitened. We have sometimes complaints that celery fails to blanch or whiten. In all such cases the roots must have been in some way disjured by being frozen or dried too much before being lifted from the field, but this should never happen with ordinary care.

To keep celery from rusting, the earthing should never be done when the plants are wet, but should be done gradually in fine weather, as the plants progress in growth, repeating the earthing every two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Permanent Sod in Orchards.

Successful orchardists, as a rule, claim that permanent sod is an injury to the orchard. In some of his earlier experiments Dr. Beal emphasized this fact. For some years he kept a part of the trees in sod, others were cultivated thoroughly, while still others were cultivated at varying distances from the body of the tree. Even as early as 1874 he found that "trees in grass made less growth, looked yellow in foliage, and bore smaller fruit, and, apparently, less of it." In 1875 he observed that "the evidences look more and more strongly every year against the propriety of leaving trees, in his section, in grass. They have stood the severe winters no better; they have borne no better; the apples are smaller; the trees grow more slowly; a greater proportion of trees have died than those cultivated each year."

So marked have been the results that he had plowed up that part of the orchard which had been left in grass.—*Ex.*

Pruning Grape Vines.

Most of the fine grapes are inclined to bear more fruit than they can bring to perfection and this excessive draft on the vitality of the vines cripples them more or less, and sometimes kills them entirely, especially if a severe winter follows. Wild vines rarely or never set more fruit than they can mature; and when they do bear a larger crop than usual no one complains if they take a long time to recover, or never recover at all. With the cultivated varieties it is different. Fruit is desired every year; and in order to get this judicious pruning is practiced.

In doing the work it is safe to cut off half or more of the previous season's growth; for it is only on canes of the previous season's growth that fruit is produced. In doing the work it is to be considered that the best canes for fruit are the largest ones. These may be selected by cutting off one-third or one-half of their length; while the weaker canes may be cut out entirely, occasionally cutting away a portion of the old wood with them. Sometimes, however, these weaker ones may be situated so as to produce desirable bearing wood for next year—a point which must be kept in mind, and in such case it will be best to cut them back to the third bud, counting from the base of the cane. This third bud is usually the first entirely perfect bud produced, and along with a good cane for the next year it may be allowed to bear one or two clusters of grapes, but only if pretty strong. The pruning greatly reduce the crop of the fruit in the number of the clusters, while that which is allowed to remain is much improved in size and quality. This will be understood when it is remembered that one of the heaviest drafts on the vitality of plants—the heaviest in most cases—is the production of seeds; the portion which grapes, apples, peaches, etc., is not desired. Yet it is to this point the effort of nature is directed in the wild state, and often in the cultivated, for the wise purpose of keeping the species in existence. It will be seen from the above that pruning is not so difficult, although some practice will be necessary in order to prune in the best way.

The work should be done early, before the vines bleed, as it is termed; yet it has never been demonstrated that bleeding is injurious.

Russian Apples.

There is a disposition on the part of some nurserymen—acting possibly from interested motives—to decry and disparage the Russian apples introduced by Prof. Budd, and now being tested in various portions of the Northwest. That some varieties should prove failures is nothing strange. No intelligent person would for a moment expect that all would prove adapted to conditions here. But, in spite of all that has been urged against them, there is good ground for confidence that the full number of varieties being tested we shall secure a select list that will prove adapted to the climatic conditions of the Northwest. Professor Budd is an intelligent and conscientious student and experimenter, and it is yet too early to pass judgment upon his work without the liability of doing him great injustice.—*Farmer's Review.*

Rural Hodge-Podge.

About 1,500,000 bales of cotton are raised annually in Texas.

A large yield of crops is reported from the Northern Pacific railroad.

The weeds must be kept down, or the farm cannot be successfully run.

A good tomato should not only be sound and solid, but also plump and juicy.

A bronze turkey gobbler weighing 30 pounds is owned by an Ohio woman.

If the farmer is to save his own seed, he must save the earliest, largest and best.

The chicken-house should be thoroughly ventilated and kept cool in warm weather.

Corn endures drouth remarkably well, but to do so, it is absolutely essential that it be kept clean.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

Give little pigs dry oats. There is nothing better to make good strong bodies. They will chew the oats and drop the skins out of their mouths and eat the meats.

Salt should always be placed where swine can have free access to it, but do not keep it on the ground in barnyard or pig pen. Have it in troughs or on shelves.

Reports from the round up show an alarming loss. Some outfits that branded thousands last year have branded but hundreds so far this year.—*Carriso Current, Colorado.*

According to the census of farm animals, the number of horses in America is 13,172,896, an increase of 676,152 during the past year. The average value is given at $72 50 each.

Peat is a well-known substance, used both for manure and for fuel. In its natural state peat is little or no service as manure, but by exposing it to the effects of fermentation it becomes very useful as food for plants.

The growing of clover is equal to deep plowing, because its long roots penetrate deeply in search of food for the stems and leaves, which, if plowed into the land will undergo decomposition and leave, near the surface, elements taken from the subsoil. Its leaves take carbonic acid largely from the atmosphere, and the plowing in of this crop augments the carbon of the soil very materially, which changes its color and gives it a greater capacity to absorb solar heat and to retain manures and ammonia, whether resulting from their decomposition or absorbed from the atmosphere.

Live Stock Notes.

Breed, weed and feed are the three needs of stock raising.

The horses that are best able to stand hard strains are those which work steadily.

A wet sponge tied on the top of the head will often prevent horses from having sunstrokes.

Thirty minutes spent in cleaning up a team in the evening may mean an hour's gain in time the next day.

A New England farmer concludes that a farmer can keep a sheep with every cow without any additional expense.

Here is a good health mixture for hogs: One bushel of charcoal broken into small pieces, a peck of wood ashes and twelve bushels of salt.

Allen Gerrish, of St. Charles, Minn., writes that for four years he has been breeding Duroc Jersey swine exclusively, and now has a fine lot of pigs for sale.

—Prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

NORTHWEST CROPS.

The Condition of the Grain as Viewed by Railroaders.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 1.—The weekly crop report from the northwest was received at the Manitoba general office yesterday. The reports show an average yield of about eighteen bushels of wheat to the acre in the central and northern portion of the state, and about fifteen bushels to the acre in Dakota and the extreme west. The harvest and threshing is nearly all completed throughout Minnesota, and is progressing rapidly in Dakota.

While the wheat in the northwestern locality has been somewhat damaged by frost, it is not nearly so bad as was first reported, and owing to the fact that the farmers get about the same price this year for No. 2 northern as was received last year for No. 1 hard, it is anticipated that they will be better off this year than last. The most favorable reports come from points on the Watertown, Aberdeen & Ellendale branches. Several elevators along the lines have commenced receiving new wheat.

News of the Week.

DEEP WATER CONVENTION.

The Resolution Adopted by the Meeting in Denver—Eight States and Six Territories Speak.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 1.—The resolutions adopted by the deep water convention as reported by a majority of the committee are as follows:

WHEREAS, It is the sense of the states of Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, California and Nevada, and of the territories of New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, Dakota and Indian territory, in convention assembled at Denver City, Colorado, under the call of His Excellency, Alva Adams, governor of the state of Colorado, that commercial, agricultural, mining, manufacturing and stock interests of all that part of the United States lying west of the Mississippi river, and the commercial and naval advantages of our new country generally, demands a permanent deep water port on the northwest coast of the Gulf of Mexico, therefore, be it resolved:

First—That the senators and representatives in Congress from the states herein above mentioned, and the delegates from the territories herein set forth, be and are hereby most earnestly requested to procure at once a permanent available appropriation of the amount necessary to secure a deep water port on the northwest coast of the Gulf of Mexico, west of 93½ degrees, west longitude, capable of admitting the largest vessels, at which the best and most accessible harbor can be secured and maintained in the shortest possible time and at the least cost.

Second—That for the carrying into effect the foregoing resolutions, committees, consisting of five from each state and three from each territory represented in this convention, be appointed by their respective delegations; that it shall be the duty of said committees to see that the object of said resolutions be properly presented and vigorously urged before Congress; and to that end, and with the view of co-operation and concert of action, the chairman of the respective committees shall be, and they are hereby constituted and created a central committee.

Third—*Resolved*, That the states and territories and commercial bodies represented in this convention, approve the idea of securing deep water on the gulf coast of Texas by a private capital, and they do hereby respectfully request their senators and representatives and delegates in Congress to labor in this behalf.

Preamble—Whereas, The need of a deep harbor on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico directly and vitally affects nearly one-fourth of the people of the United States. We deem the requests contained in the foregoing resolutions of such great and paramount importance as to justify their early reference to the official notice of the President of the United States in order that he may be duly and fully informed, and be able, as contemplated in the constitution of the United States, to give to Congress information of the state of the Union and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. Therefore—Be it Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted to the President of the United States, and he be requested to make in his next annual message to the Congress of the United States such a recommendation with reference to the locations of a deep water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico as to him shall seem proper and expedient.

THE W. C. T. U.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting to be Held this Month.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The fifteenth annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Frances E. Willard President, will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House this city, October 10th to 23d. The convention will number 400 delegates from every state and territory of the United States, representing 10,000 local auxiliaries, and more than 200,000 members.

Forty departments of work will be reviewed under the heads of preventive, educational, evangelistic, legal and the department of organization.

A large representation of Southern ladies will also be in attendance. Mrs. Mary T. Burt, President of the New York W. C. T. U. is at the head of the committee of arrangements and will be well supported by the great organization which he leads.

BRUTALITY IN THE SOUTH.

The Inhabitants take the Law in their own Hands in Georgia.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Sept. 1.—(Special.)—At the Central camp meeting, near Geneva, Wednesday, Miss Martha Green lost $700 in gold and greenbacks. A colored woman, Harriet Davis, is one of three negroes who were arrested on suspicion. While Harriet was in charge of Deputy Sheriff Stewart a crowd of masked men compelled him to surrender her, and, taking her to a pine thicket near the camp ground, they tied her up and administered a most fearful beating with the lash to extort from her a confession of the theft.

After this cruel treatment, the girl protesting her innocence, she was returned to the hands of the sheriff, who lodged her in jail with the other suspected negroes. The affair has caused no little excitement.

THE GLASS WORKERS.

The Rumor of a Threatened Strike was Not Correct.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 1.—A majority of the glass bottle houses throughout the country will resume to-day, after an eight weeks' shut down.

Employment will be given to 2,300 men, and directly and indirectly to 4,700. The wages scale was settled at a conference in this city July 26, at which slight advances were conceded the workmen.

A board for the settlement of difficulties, which may arise during the year, was constituted, so that the avoidance of strikes is almost assured.

A cablegram from Charlerol, Belgium, says: "At the annual meeting of the Universal Federation of Window Glass workers William H. Schlicker, of Pittsburg, Pa., was elected president, and Albert Delwork, of Charlerol, secretary and treasurer. The American delegates will sail for home today."

RETIRED RICH.

Foss, Strong & Co., Chicago Grain Dealers, Retire From the Board.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—The extensive grain receiving and commission firm of Foss, Strong & Co., went out of existence yesterday. Ex-Alderman S. D. Foss was the head of the concern, who for years was known as one of the most conservative members of the board of trade. Joseph Reynolds, the "Old Joe," is the owner of the "Diamond Joe" line, and E. B. Strong is also a very wealthy man. The firm has been one of the most successful as well as extensive grain dealers known to the trade. The members retire with ample fortunes. Mr. Foss will take recreation for some time to come in California, and Messrs. Strong and Reynolds will permanently retire.

CHINESE MASONS.

**Thirteen Candidates Initiated

CROPS AND TRADE.

THE COTTON CROP.

Reports of Serious Damage in the Mississippi Country.

GREENVILLE, Miss., Sept. 1.—Since the 19th inst. the entire of Delta county has been visited by daily rains, and reports of incalculable damage to the cotton crop have come from various sections with such frequency as to justify the fear that the crop was in imminent danger.

In order to ascertain precisely the extent of the damage your correspondent made inquiry among the most reliable planters for facts. To summarize, it may be said that the crop, as a whole, has been damaged so far at least 35 per cent, and the rain still continues.

Reports from Australia, Concordia, Terrene, Rosedale, Bolivar, Mound Landing, Leota, Skipwith, Maverville, Ben Lomond, Shiloh and Chotard, on the Mississippi river, are about the same.

The Deer creek country, along the Louisiana & Texas railroad, appears to have suffered more than the other sections. This can be attributed to the fact that lands on Deer creek are very low. Capt. Percy, who manages one of the largest plantations in that locality, reports that during the last few days he and other planters investigated the state of affairs as to the condition of cotton plant on 12 of the principal plantations, which is considered the garden spot of the cotton growing regions.

The cotton crop, so far, is considered to be half ruined. In many places where water stands in the fields the lower balls are decaying fast, and if dry weather does not come to the relief of the planters, the loss cannot be estimated.

The season in Lenk and Washington counties has been one of extreme periods of excessive rain, being preceded by excessive droughts.

Then again came the floods, accompanied by violent wind storms, and have tangled up the cotton to such an extreme that the actual percent of damage is as yet difficult to arrive at.

THE MANUFACTURER.

Report of the "Commercial Bulletin" for the Past Week.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The *Commercial Bulletin*, in its weekly review of the manufacturing news of the country, says:

"The textile industries have suffered the most severely, but they also show a very marked improvement. Troubles among the cotton mills are chiefly ascribable to labor difficulties. Among the woolen mills the difficulty, almost without exception, has been caused by a slack demand for goods. The activity among Southern cotton mills is remarkable.

There is no news from the silk mills that does not speak of the extension of old industries.

The rate of increase in the shoe shops of New England is as marked and satisfactory as that of the cotton mills in the South.

Glass making is everywhere picking up, and every factory at Cape Cod has reconsidered the decision to go out of the business.

The improvement in iron and steel, though less marked than in other industries, is worthy of note, extending as it does from Troy to Carondelet, and from Youngstown to Addison. The formation of the copper working companies has been the feature of the week.

DUN'S WEEKLY.

Crop Reports Contradictory—A General Review of the Situation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Within the past few days crop reports have become exceedingly contradictory and confusing. Dispatches by the score are published asserting the trend of values to hinge on the yield of spring wheat greatly, especially in Dakota and Minnesota, and at the same time the government weather bureau affirms that the weather has been most favorable and that reports of injury from frost have been greatly exaggerated.

Reports from Dakota are that the yield will fall 25 per cent below last year's contrast with an official scatement that the decrease will not be 7 per cent. Such confusing reports from all quarters have helped a very active speculation, with sales of 93,000,000 bu. here, and a net decline in price of only ½c for the week. These facts lead to the suspicion that the gloomy reports are being used to unload speculative burdens, and that the actual outcome will not fall much below previous estimates.

Corn is a fraction lower, with sales of 9,000,000 bu. and oats 5c higher, with some activity.

In provisions, also, there has been active speculation, an advance and a reaction.

Hogs remain 10c higher.

Oil has risen 3c, and leather and hides are ½c higher.

Tin has weakened, but copper is stronger and lead has been hoisted ½c.

Coffee has sold largely for speculation—257,000 bags at New York—but prices halt and distribution slackens.

Sugar is unchanged, with a better but not full demand for refined.

An active trade and stronger prices are noted in hops.

The dry goods market has been active and even buoyant, with print cloths stiff at 4c, but some descriptions of brown sheetings are weak, and the market for woolens is still irregular and uncertain.

Speculation has raised the price of cotton 4c per 100 lbs. with sales of 261,000 bales at New York, in spite of favorable crop advices.

The average price of all commodities moves upward steadily, having advanced about half of 1 per cent for the week and 2½ per cent since July 30. It is hardly necessary to point out that this speculative activity, particularly in exportable products, is not a very healthy sign. If crops are really poor, business must suffer in consequence, and prices are merely inflated without reason, the inevitable reaction will do harm. The immediate effects is that exports continue small; from New York, for the past four weeks, they have fallen 16½ per cent below last year's in value, though prices are higher.

The heavy excess of imports over exports in July, and for six months ending with July, appears to have created a large adverse balance, which will require liberal exports of merchandise or of specie, sooner or later. But at present foreign exchange is steady, and the belief that exports of products will be as large in spite of the high prices still controls the market.

Speculation in stocks has been moderately active and strong, for the partial reactions have not come to much, but the advances in the more active stocks has now exceeded $9 per share on the average, and still the market does not broaden nor is the public helping. Sales by foreign holders have not been large enough to affect results materially, but a feeling of uncertainty is noticeable.

The treasury has taken in $5,000,000 more than it has paid out this week, but supplies of money are abundant here, and and there are no reports of serious pressure anywhere.

Reports from all parts of the country continue encouraging, even from the Northwest, where speculative accounts dwell upon damage to crops, the usual reports come to the mercantile agency, but considerable injury from rain is reported at Memphis. At all interior points, business is active for the season and there is unusual uniformity in the report that orders for goods are increasing.

At some points collections are fairly good but a much greater number of reports note more than usual tardiness for the season, and complaints are general.

The state of speculative markets tends to prevent farmers from sending forward their products promptly, and at the south resistance of producers to the exactions of the cotton bagging trusts keeps back stocks. Yet there is a noticeable increase in confidence as to the immediate future of business in almost every quarter from which goods are received, and banking returns show a continual increase in exchanges, in part, of course, because of greater speculative activity.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States, 209; Canada, 24; total, 226; as compared with a total of 214 last week, and 219 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year, the figures were 199—175 in the United states and 24 in Canada. In August the failures in the United States numbered 972, against 777 last year.

WHEAT AT A DOLLAR.

The Long Looked for Mark Reached in Chicago Yesterday.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Wheat sold at $1 yesterday. It just touched the figure, and for the future at that, but an actual sale of 10,000 bushels was made at the price the bulls have long predicted, and the yell that went up has not been heard on Change for many a day.

The price ruled strong throughout both sessions, and the active futures scored an advance of about one and a half cents.

The underlying cause of the strength was the same that has boomed wheat for the last few weeks—wet weather in Europe, advancing foreign markets, and damage reports from the spring wheat sections.

Aiding the Sufferers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 28.—The Czar has donated 25,000 roubles to the fund for the sufferers by the fire at Orsk.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

PENSION GRANTED.

The Report of the Commissioner for the Fiscal Year Recently Closed.

WASHINGTON, August 29.—The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there were during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, added to the pension rolls 60,252 new names, the largest annual increase in the history of the bureau, making a total of 452,557 pensioners on the rolls at the close of the year as follows: 326,835 invalids; 92,928 widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 37 revolutionary widows; 806 survivors of the war of 1812; 10,787 widows of those who served in that war; 16,060 survivors of the war with Mexico, and 5,104 widows of those who served in that war. The names of 2,087 previously dropped were restored to the rolls, making an aggregate of 62,280 added during the year.

During the same period 15,780 were dropped from the rolls on account of death and various other causes, leaving a net increase to the rolls of 46,550 names. Of pension claims 1,166,926 have been filed since 1861 and 737,200 claims of all classes have been allowed since that date. The amount paid for pensions since 1861 has been $963,060,444. Increase of pension was granted in 45,716 cases.

The aggregate annual value of pensions is $56,707,221, an increase of $3,882,579. The amount of pensions paid during the year was $78,775,862, an increase over the previous year of $5,308,280. The total amount disbursed by pension agents for all purposes was $79,046,146.

The cost attending such disbursements was in the aggregate $3,262,524, it being a fraction less than 4 per cent of the total expenditures of the bureau. The total amount expended for all purposes was $82,038,386, being 21¼ per cent of the total estimated gross income of the United States government for the period. The total expenditures of the government for the fiscal year 1888 were $267,924,801, so that the amount expended for and on account of pensions was nearly 31 per cent of the entire outlay of the government.

There were filed during the year 47,840 applications for original pensions; 11,789 widows, 2,446 dependent mothers and 1,883 dependent fathers, making a total of 65,704. The highest number of claims on account of the late war was received from Ohio. Indiana followed next, then New York and Pennsylvania, and from Montana, Utah and South Carolina none were received. Up to June 30 last, 26,581 were filed under the Mexican pension act, 19,788 being survivors and 6,793 widows.

All completed cases of this class, 16,529 survivors and 5,195 widows' cases, have been allowed. The rejections were 2,321 survivors' and 601 widows' claims, mainly because the applicant had not arrived at the required age of 62 years.

Of these Mexican claims, but 1,802 were unsettled on June 30, the evidence filed being insufficient. The spirit of the law division of the bureau, says the report, is "no compromise with those who wilfully violate the pension law, and no prosecution of those who sinned through ignorance and who are willing to make restitution when the same is demanded of them."

Over eighty-five per cent of all pensioners are paid by the pension agents within ten days after the quarterly payment is due, and payments cannot be made more rapidly without multiplying the agencies; 100,000 cases of increase of pension under recent legislation have been settled without expense or delay to the pensioners.

The commissioner states that he sent copies of this annual report for 1887 to the commanders of the various military departments of the United States, with the request that after examination they would submit suggestions looking to improvements in existing laws, which action was earnestly urged by the President. A majority of these officers expressed the opinion that the present pension laws are amply sufficient for every emergency, and nearly all were of the opinion that a rigid physical examination should be certified to by a council convened for the purpose and made a part of the military history of each soldier.

The total number of special pension acts which have become laws from 1861 to 1885 is 2,001, and from 1885 to 1888, during the present administration, 1,369, a total of 3,370. Of the latter, 191 were vetoed for reasons fully set forth in the President's messages made public from time to time. In the fiscal years from July 1, 1882 to June 30, 1885, there were issued 191,221 certificates of all classes, and during the three following fiscal years, from July 1, 1885, to June 30, 1888, 359,537, making an increase for the last three years of 168,316 certificates.

THE SUBSTITUTE BILL.

Following is the Text of the Measure to be Voted on To-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Following is the text of the substitute bill:

A bill to empower the President to carry out the purposes of an act to authorize the President of the United States to protect and defend the rights of American fishermen, American trading and other vessels in certain cases and for other purposes, approved March 3, 1887.

Be it enacted, etc., That whenever the President may deem it his duty to exercise any of the powers given to him by an act entitled "An act to authorize the President of the United States to protect and defend the rights of American fishing vessels, American fishermen and American trading and other vessels in certain cases and for other purposes," approved March 3, 1887, it shall be lawful for the President in his discretion, by proclamation to that effect, to suspend in whole or in part the transportation across the territory of the United States in bond and without the payment of duty of goods, wares and merchandise imported or exported from any foreign country from or to the British dominions in North America.

Sec. 2. That whenever the President shall be satisfied that there is any discrimination whatever in the use of the Welland canal, the St. Lawrence river canals, the Chambley canal, or either of them, whether by tolls, drawbacks, refund of tolls or otherwise, which is or may be detrimental to the interests of the United States, or any of its citizens, it shall be lawful for the President in his discretion to issue a proclamation to that effect, whereupon there shall be collected a toll of 20 cents a ton upon every foreign vessel and her cargo passing through either the Sault Ste. Marie canal or the St. Clair Flats canal, and the secretary of the Treasury may authorize and direct any of the customs' officers to collect the tolls levied under this act, or the President may, in his discretion, when he is satisfied there is any such discrimination, prohibit the use of said canals to any such foreign vessel. The President, when satisfied that such discrimination has ceased, may issue his proclamation to that effect in his discretion, whereupon the tolls authorized by this act shall no longer be collected and said prohibition, if ordered, shall cease.

Sec. 3. That the secretary of the Treasury is authorized to make any regulations needful to carry this act into effect.

PUBLIC LANDS.

Entries and Sales During the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, Last.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The forthcoming annual report of commissioner of the General Land office will show that during the year ended June 30, 1888, there were made 59,095 cash and homestead sales of all classes, aggregating 5,007,254 acres, for which the government received 11,203,071. Of these cash entries, 8,318 were sales of lands subject to private entry; 1,214 were sales of mineral lands; 14,269 were commuted homestead entries; 2,385 were the original and final cash entries under the desert land act and 152 were sales of coal lands. Sales of timber and stone lands aggregated 2,420 entries, nearly all of which were made in California. The report will show that the whole number of entries of all classes including Indian lands, made during the year was 255,119, embracing 24,485,833 acres. The cash receipts from the foregoing were $13,522,185. Of the whole number of entries, 46,236 were original homesteads, embracing 3,175,400 acres, and 24,472 were timber culture entries, having in all an area of 3,753,305 acres. During the year the land grant railroads made 1,780 selections, embracing 6,525,300 acres. Under the school swamp land and other grants by the government to the several states and territories, 8,029 selections were made, covering an area of 1,265,452 acres. In addition to the 24,458,388 acres entered under the various public land laws during the year, the area of commuted homesteads, final desert entries, final homesteads, and final timber culture entries aggregated 5,647,534 acres.

NOT READY YET.

Republican Senators Need More Time for Their Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug 31.—Republican senators held a conference at Senator Edmunds' residence last evening from 7:30 to nearly midnight. It was well attended and the tariff was the only subject considered.

Senator Allison said to a group of reporters at midnight that the details of the bill had been discussed and that a harmonious conclusion had been reached in regard to every issue.

"You can say, gentlemen," he continued, "that we shall report a bill within ten days if possible. Let's see, this is Thursday. We shall report it probably on Monday or Tuesday week."

"Will you give us a few of the important details?"

"Well, not this evening. We shall continue hearings diligently for the next ten days and then if possible report the bill at once. That is all I am at liberty to say."

"What about the President's message?"

The message was not referred to once during the evening."

From other senators it is learned that lumber and salt remain unchanged; that sugar is cut about one half, and that there is a strong disposition to slightly increase the duties on wool, and to correct the inequalities of the duties on woolen manufactures.

CANADA MUST GIVE IN.

What the London Correspondent of the "Times" Thinks.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—A London special to the *Times* says: The *Standard's* bellicose leader, beginning with the pompous announcement that Canada, should necessity unfortunately arise, has behind her the guns of English iron-clads, has produced over London one prolonged guffaw. Nobody has been seen in town who does not regard it as absolute nonsense. It is a matter of fact, as was cabled before, that Canada has been notified to shut up and give in.

There are two theories afloat in newspaper circles. One is that the *Standard* leader is a cannonade with blank cartridges to cover the retreat of Canada; the other is that it is a scheme to bear American railway securities. But the idea that England will stir a finger to back the Dominion is utter folly.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Statement for August Shows a Decrease of $8,324,675.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to day:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 220,014,350
Bonds at 4 per cent	709,367,250
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	132,460
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent.	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	1,008,137,572
Interest	9,538,552
Total	$1,017,676,124

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 2,453,265
Interest	165,915
Total	$ 2,619,180

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,823
Certificates of deposit	14,645,000
Gold certificates	124,750,394
Silver certificates	209,658,966
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,921,317
Principal	$ 702,713,500

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,713,304,337
Interest	9,704,468
Total	$1,723,008,805
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	361,212,801
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	461,212,801
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,261,796,003
Net cash in the treasury	107,673,320

Debt less cash in the treasury September 1, 1888	1,154,122,683
Debt less cash in the treasury August 1, 1888	$ 1,161,447,358
Decrease during month	7,324,675
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	11,461,974

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 124,750,394
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	209,658,966
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	14,645,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	12,157,732
Fractional currency	719
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 361,212,801

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 25,746,758
Minor coin	130,447
Total	$ 25,877,205
Certificates held as cash	52,216,115
Net cash balance on hand	107,673,320
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$ 646,973,444

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Senate—Bill introduced: To permit importation of jute bagging free of duty. Resolution agreed to: In reference to the diversion of the waters of the Platte and Arkansas rivers and their tributaries in Colorado. Resolution offered: Calling on the secretary of the Interior for information as to land suits, land patents and timber depredations. The conference report on the deficiency bill was agreed to. Bills passed: To authorize the construction and operation of a wagon road across the Pike's peak reservation in Colorado; for the relief of the Baptist Female college of Lexington, Mo.; granting the use of certain lands in Pierce county, Washington territory, to the city of Tacoma for the purposes of a public park; to pay John D. Adams, of Arkansas, $3,705 in connection with a mail contract. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

House—Resolution adopted: To provide temporarily until September 15 for the expenditures of the government. The Oklahoma bill was taken up, but when voting to establish the claims of no quorum was made and the House adjourned.

August 29.—Senate—Resolutions agreed to: Calling on the President for copies of all remonstrances made by his direction against unfair treatment by the British government of American citizens, etc. The sundry civil bill was considered.

House—A number of members received leaves of absence. The Oklahoma bill was considered and Mr. Payson took the floor in support of his amendment to the bill requiring that the land thrown open to settlement shall be disposed of by homestead entry and not sold by pre-emption as proposed by the bill, so as to secure enough money for the satisfaction of the Indians for the bonds relinquished. After considerable discussion the House adjourned.

August 30—Senate—Resolution offered: Instructing the committee on Inter-state Commerce to examine fully into the system of mechanical telegraph, now on exhibition at the Capitol, and to secure the aid of competent and disinterested experts. Senators Morgan and Chilton spoke on the President's retaliatory message.

House—The Oklahoma bill was taken up, but not disposed of. Mr. McCreary (Ky.) submitted a substitute for the Wilson retaliation bill and gave notice that he would call it up for consideration on Saturday next. Mr. Springer, (Ill.) as a privileged question, offered a resolution directing the sergeant-at-arms to telegraph to absent members that their presence is required immediately, in order that public business may be transacted.

AUGUST 31.—Senate—Resolution adopted: To extend till September 15 next the joint resolution of July 31, to provide temporarily for the expenses of the government. Bill passed: Making appropriations for fortifications.

House—The conference report on sundry civil appropriation bill was considered, and the House insisted on its disagreement to Senate amendment; pending action the House took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session to be for the consideration of private pension bills.

September 1.—Senate—Not in session.

House—After a struggle to get the Columbus exposition bill up the House took up the conference report on the sundry civil bill, and at 5 p. m. adjourned.

September 3.—Senate—Bills passed: For the establishment of light houses, fog signals, etc., at Ballast Point, San Diego, Cal.; on Roe island, Suisan, Bay, Cal.; at Hecate Head, Sinslaw river, Oregon, and outside the bar of the Columbia river on the Pacific coast. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the admission of the state of Washington, and was engaged in it when a message was received from the House with the bill for the absolute exclusion of Chinese immigration. The latter measure was discussed at length, but no vote reached.

House—Bill passed: Supplementar to an act to execute certain treaty stipulations relating to Chinese, approved May 6, 1882. Bills introduced: Placing cotton bagging on the free list; to punish persons connected with trusts; to provide for the holding of terms of the United States Circuit court at South Bend, Ind.; fixing a day for the consideration of the postal telegraph bill.

At St. Louis five hundred men are out of employment on account of the burning of the St. Louis wire mills.

POLITICAL.

A POLL FROM NEW JERSEY

Satisfies the Republicans That They'll Carry the State by About 2,500.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The Republican state committee of New Jersey held a meeting at its headquarters in Jersey City and considered the question of the style of literature to be furnished the various parts of the state, and the distribution of the campaign fund. A good deal of the latter will stay in Hudson county, it is said. General John Ramsey, one of the committee, said to-day that the committee had made a careful calculation on the popular vote in the state, and had figured out 2,500 Republican majority. They expect the 5,000 or 6,000 Democratic majority in Hudson county to be reduced to not more than 2,000.

THE EMPIRE STATE.

Hon. Warner Miller Nominated for Governor.

SARATOGA, Aug. 29.—When the convention assembled yesterday afternoon, Hon. George S. Batchelor was made permanent chairman.

The convention, after a resolution of respect to Gen. Sheridan's memory, proceeded to nominations for governor. State Senator George B. Sloan, who began life as a towboy, and who now is a millionaire miller and banker at Oswego, first gained the floor and placed in nomination Hon. Warner Miller. There was no other nomination, and Mr. Miller was chosen by acclamation, and pending the candidate's appearance the Presidential electors were chosen Wm. H. Seward, of Auburn, N. Y., son of the late secretary of state, is one of the elector-at-large.

Upon being presented, amid cheers, to the convention ex-Senator Miller, after accepting the nomination and thanking the delegates for it, said he accepted only because he felt that the Republicans of this state were then and now a unit for the coming contest. He congratulated his colleagues that the coming campaign was to be one of principles and the party was to be congratulated that the Chicago convention had given a platform of broadest Americanism, and one which distinctly announced the doctrine of protection.

The speaker referred to the liquor interest when he used these words: "We are this fall, in this state, to submit the question to all the people of this state as to whether any particular class of our citizens shall by combination and by use of vast sums of money be able to make their boasts that they control and own the state government in any of its departments. We hold that the government should not be controlled by cliques or classes for the advantage of profit and class, but that our government, as it is a government of the people and for the people, that it should be carried on by all the people [applause], and we shall ask the people of this state this fall whether or not any class of our people shall be permitted to control the state government in the interest of any portion of our people less than the whole people."

Another utterance of ex-Senator Miller was roundly cheered. Said he: "Do not forget, fellow Republicans, that we are still holding control of this government. Notwithstanding the executive power was turned over to the Democratic party in '84, and the House of Representatives was in their power and possession still we hold the Senate of the United States, and I believe the good people of this country will rejoice to-day that we have held this power, for by it we have checked the first attempt made in 25 years to destroy our industries and our commerce." [Applause.]

Mr. Miller closed with great feeling in these words:

"You will not forget, many of you, that at Chicago we pledged our brethren of the other Republican states that we would make one grand effort this fall to restore the Republican party to supremacy in this state. [Applause.] Will you propose to make that pledge good, fellow Republicans? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] If you are to make that pledge good it will necessitate the increasing of Republican majorities in every Republican county in this state from St. Lawrence to the borders of Pennsylvania, and from Long Island to Niagara. I appeal to you to know whether or no you propose to make this pledge good. [Applause and cries of "yes."] You have chosen me as your leader in this state. I have but a single word more to say to you and that is that I here and now pledge you that in the position in which you have placed me I will not rest until the polls close, [applause] and that whatever of power or ability I may possess of political leader shall be used for the accomplishment of this much-desired result." [Great applause.]

Out of four candidates for lieutenant-governor Col. S. V. R. Cruger, one of the old Knickerbockers of New York City, was chosen and ratified by acclamation, and with tremendous cheers and shouts for "the soldier ticket." Judge Ramsey was nominated for judge of the court of appeals.

Col. Cruger thanked the convention for his nomination and ex-Congressman Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, presented the platform, which accepts and approves the declarations of the Chicago convention, and heartily ratifies the nomination of Harrison and Morton; praises the Republican senators for rejecting the fisheries treaty and criticises President Cleveland's message thereon; lauds the efforts of the Republicans in the state legislature of 1888, and censures Gov. Hill for vetoing a measure "aiming to purify the ballot," and for other vetoes; demands better legislation to prohibit the influx of pauper and criminal immigrants, and desires a revision of the naturalization laws; favors the enactment of prison laws which, while providing for the employment of prisoners, shall prevent the product of their labor from competing with that of wage-workers; indorses the policy of improving the canals.

The reading of the platform by Chairman S. E. Payne was received in silence, but when Chairman Bacheler put the question there was a terrific shout of "ayes," and the convention adjourned sine die.

A CAMPAIGN BUREAU.

Such Is the Use Mr. Cleveland's Managers Make of the Pension Office.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The *Tribune's* Washington special says: "The managers of Mr. Cleveland's canvass have been brought to realize that the veto messages have excited the active hostility of union veterans and their friends, irrespective of party, and that something must be done.

"The something' decided is briefly this: The preparation and circulation of a campaign document devoted to the defense of the veto. This document, which is to be issued in Ohio, Indiana, Ohio, and other states, will contain citations from such of the veto messages only as contain no phrases which can be construed as insults to soldiers and friends of the union.

"Preparation of this document was begun some two weeks ago, in the pension bureau in this city, by six clerks or special examiners of pensions, who are paid from the treasury of the United States. The whole 'outfit' is under the supervision and direction of 'Physical Wreck' Black. It is said that the work will be completed next week, and it may be fairly estimated that by the time the work is done the actual cost of it in dollars will not fall short of 6,000, which, of course, must come out of the money appropriated for the administration of the pension service."

BLAINE IN MAINE.

A Rousing Speech Delivered to the Thousands at Calais.

CALAIS, Me., Aug. 30.—Hon. James G. Blaine addressed an audience of from 3,000 to 5,000 people in this city. He devoted the opening portion of his speech to an attack upon the Mills tariff bill which, he said, might aptly be termed "A Bill for the Destruction of the Material Interests of Maine." It is a bill, he said, to throw open our American market to Canada without consideration, recompense or exchange of any kind. This giving away of our markets impressed him as all the more remarkable because the very men who passed the bill in the Democratic House have been for years advocating reciprocity with Canada.

The bill gives away nearly every material interest of Maine, and viewing it merely as a trade or "swap," he should be utterly ashamed of any Maine horse jockey who could not do better.

Commenting on President Cleveland's retaliatory message, he asked why it might not be reasoned that, as soon as the Senate defeats the Mills bill, the President will not make another somersault and change his radical position in regard to tariff, as he has in regard to the fisheries. Said Mr. Blaine:

"May not his belated letter of acceptance disclose such a radical but temporary change as will show him a protectionist up to the point of a prohibitory tariff? Would it be a whit more inconsistent than his sudden conversion on the fisheries?"

He had nothing to say against Canada. They do exactly as they have a right to do, and he neither disputed their right nor envied their position. "If they come with us, they can have what we have, but it is an absolute wrong against the rights of American citizens that millions of men who own the United States no allegiance, who take no part nor lot with us, who are not of us, but choose to be foreign to us, shall have exactly the same share in our markets and the same privileges of trade under our flag that we have."

GEN. BENJ. BUTLER.

He Stands Squarely on the Platform of Protection to American Industries.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Gen. Benj. F. Butler addressed a large audience in Tremont Temple upon the tariff and fisheries questions. Theoretically, he said, free trade between all nations, as between all men, is correct in principle; that is, if all nations in all things were exactly on the same footing. But such conditions of equality cannot exist among nations, and, therefore, all theories upon the question of free trade becomes useless. Said Gen. Butler:

"I cite the President on my side as against free trade; but I must confess, at the same time, that the President seems to try to get as near being a free trader as he can. I believe if he had observed and known, as I know, how much a protective tariff has done for American workingmen, his tariff message would never have been penned. It is not his fault, but the laboring man's misfortune, that he did not know the facts."

The speaker declared his opinion that during the late war we owed to the efforts of the protective tariff the means which upheld the unity of our people, the consolidation of our government, the glory of our achievements and the military power of our country, and added:

"Is is not a matter of remark that the attempted destruction of our protective system comes from those who did not defend the life of the country in that war, and the majority of whom mourn the 'cause' when the protective tariff caused to be 'lost' to them."

Gen Butler attacked the Mills bill, and said the question before the people is, which will the people of this country sustain in carrying on our business, the system of the fathers, under which we so greatly prospered; or will they adopt a new experiment, which shall put every financial and industrial question upon a new basis, and introduce a change in the industries of the farm, the mill and the workshop, and that, too, upon a plan so prepared as to exactly suit our commercial rival and enemy, England."

Gen. Butler then turned to the fisheries question, touching upon various treaties that had been in force between the United States and Great Britain. He said: "I agree with the President that the bill giving him power of retaliation was a poor bill, unworthy of the dignity of the United States government, and if he had vetoed it on that ground I should have been quite inclined to support him. My criticism of the bill is that it contains enactments in regard to keeping vessels and goods of Canadians in the British possession of North America out of our ports. When we learn that in these North American British possessions our vessels are kept out of port, pray why don't the United States take the bull by the horns—even if his name is John—and give the President the power and the right whenever he finds that a single vessel, however small, is kept out of any British port or anywhere unlawfully, to keep out of the ports of the United States every British vessel, however great, until that wrong shall be redressed? Retaliate the wrongs done to fishermen by Canadians, by action against the Canard steamship sailing under the ensign of the British government, and the thing will be brought to an end. The first question that springs to the lip is, 'Is the President in earnest?' If yes, let him enforce retaliation for outrages by the power he has had since March, 1887. If he will do that, he will show that his paper is the message of a statesman and not of a campaigner on the stump?"

DEMOCRATS SCARED.

Excessive Expenditures During Cleveland's Term Causing Alarm.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Three or four points made by Senator Allison in his long and interesting statement in regard to the appropriation bills, give great annoyance to the Democrats. Chief among them was the fact which has been much discussed, but not hitherto formally and officially stated, that the appropriations amounted to a round $621,000,000, that the estimated revenues amount to only 440,000,000, and therefore that the surplus would be but $19,000,000. To remedy this enormous whittling down of the usual argument for a reduction of the tariff, the Democrats are endeavoring to cut off appropriations which are really necessary.

In other words, they propose to save money that ought to be spent, and which it would be wise economy to spend, for the sole purpose of increasing the idle surplus in the Treasury to such dimensions as will reinsure, with some sort of life and sense, their arguments in favor of a reduction of the tariff on account of the surplus of from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. To accomplish this they are forced to administer a slap in the face to every head of the department and bureau, whose duty it is to make estimates for the guidance of Congress.

Senator Allison showed that in every case the appropriations proposed fell much short of the official estimates.

If, therefore, the Senate insist upon much more liberal appropriations than the House, it merely furnishes the amusing spectacle of the Republican branch of Congress being more nearly in accord with the Democratic administration than the Democratic branch.

Another statement not at all relished is that the expenditures during the incumbency of Mr. Cleveland already exceed by nearly $100,000,000 the expenditures of the entire term of Garfield and Arthur, and this notwithstanding the veto of a $10,000,000 river and harbor bill and wholesale vetoes of pension bills, which latter has seemed to be the President's pet economy.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

She Horsewhips a Girl Who Had Smiled on Her Husband.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Annie Levy, the wife of Abraham Levy, a tailor, employed by Jacob Koplan, in Brooklyn, has for some time been jealous of attentions of her husband to a pretty girl who also works in the same place. Mrs. Levy, who had been carrying a horsewhip for some time, met the girl last evening while she was out walking with Morris Berg, a fellow employe. She made a fierce attack on her.

The girl's escort defended her, and almost all of the lashes of the horsewhip were received by Mrs. Levy fell on his broad shoulders, instead of the delicate one's for which they were intended. Mr. Levy arrived while hostilities were in progress, but he took no part on either side. Mrs. Levy and Mr. Berg have procured counter warrants for assault.

SUGAR WILL GO UP.

The Stock of Raw Material Now on Hand Much Below the Average.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—One of the principal topics of discussion on the mercantile exchange is the rumor that an effort is being made to create a corner on the market for raw sugar. As the stock in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore is only about 87,000 tons, which is one third less than the amount on hand a year ago, some of the dealers say that the refiners will have an excuse for increasing the prices to the whole ale grocers and the latter in time will be compelled to squeeze the retailers and consumers. The wholesale prices for refined sugars have already advanced to 7⅝@8⅜c for granulated and fancy grades.

It is expected that the executive committee of the Wholesale Grocers' association, of which Mr. G. Waldo Smith is president, will hold a meeting this week for the purpose of taking action in regard to the proposed corner.

FITZGERALD SAYS NO.

The Irish National League Must Keep Hands Off American Politics.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 3.—The following dispatch, enforcing the doctrine of non-interference in American politics, was sent from the headquarters of the Irish National League:

To Daniel Lineban, President Central branch I. N. L. A. St. Louis:

Understanding from St. Louis papers that a demonstration will take place Sunday next under the auspices of the Central branch, at which American politics will be discussed, and that Gen. Sandol Democratic speakers, President Fitzgerald directs me to inform you that such a departure from the non-political course of the Irish National League, it carried out, will compel the executive to cancel the charter of the Central branch.

JOHN P. SUTTON, Secretary I. N. L. A.

FORTY-SIX PERSONS DROWNED.

Fearful Floods, and One Hundred and Eighty Houses Washed Away.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 4.—The steamer City of Rio d' Janerio arrived yesterday from Hong Kong and Yokohama. From Japan comes the news that at Tokushing, a town of Awa province, a storm occurred on the night of the 4th ultimo, and continued raging on the 5th. In Mayosakori inundation was caused by which 180 houses were destroyed and 46 persons drowned.

Over a hundred Sioux signatures to the pending treaty were secured Saturday after an exciting conference.

JUTE BAGGING.

Southern Cotton Raisers Exercised Over the Prospects.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The *Times* says Southern farmers are endeavoring by every means possible to keep out of the clutches of the jute bagging corner, and yesterday a dispatch was received at the cotton exchange, asking whether cotton would be acceptable when put up in cotton sheeting.

Some of the insurance men object to this, though none will positively refuse as yet to insure cotton when put up in that manner.

In the event of their doing so some other means will have to be resorted to.

The principal objection to sheeting is that it wears out quickly and is very inflammable.

A prominent man on Wall street said: "In 1867 a rich Southerner learned of a failure of the India jute crop and immediately cornered the crop in the United States, and put the prices up from 25 to 40 cents. Another big cotton man bid 38 cents for a very large amount, but the owners of the corner refused to sell for less than 45 cents. These figures were entirely too high, and a number of potato bags and other second hand bagging was procured, and served just as good a purpose as new bagging. The prices then went down to a close, and this is in my opinion about the way the present trust will end."

OHIO'S CENTENNIAL.

The First Day of the Great Exposition Has Come.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 4.—The Ohio Centennial exposition, which was intended to show the growth and development of the Buckeye state in the first hundred years of its history, opened this morning under the most favorable auspices. On every hand there was evidence of a gala day.

Not only were the streets crowded, but almost every public and private building in the city is gay with flags and streamers. Immense arches span the main streets, the State house is covered with banners and manufacturing establishments are similarly decorated.

Besides the preparations in the city, at the State fair grounds, where the centennial is held, the most extensive preparations have been made and there is now collected there one of the finest agricultural and stock shows ever seen in the Northwest, while the mechanical and historical departments are very complete.

During the past week the Ohio National Guards have been in camp near this city, and this morning they broke camp and at the same time inaugurated the Centennial with a splendid military parade, which was reviewed by Governor Foraker and distinguished visitors.

In the immense twelve thousand-seated auditorium at the centennial grounds this afternoon, the session was formally opened, Mrs. Governor Foraker starting the machinery by electricity.

TO ABOLISH A BUREAU.

The Engraving and Printing Department Liable to Go.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—A most remarkable exercise of courage, patience and persistence, exhibited during the last nine months, had for its result the passage of a bill which, if it also pass the Senate—which it is quite likely to do—will abolish from the bureau of Engraving and Printing the offensive steam machines that have for the last several years been flooding the country with wretchedly printed money in an always increasing volume.

With the opening of Congress last December, two representative plate printers, Messrs. Jordan and Kearney, were chosen by the Plate Printers' assembly of the Knights of Labor to look after their interest in opposing the steam machines, which seemed about to degrade forever the beautiful art of plate